

Américas

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Dear Reader

This has been a year of expanding activities for the OAS, and for governmental and private inter-American activities outside the Organization as well. We take this opportunity to recall a few of the outstanding events.

One unusual conference, neither organized nor sponsored by the OAS, will nevertheless have a profound influence on its future development. This was the series of meetings of the Inter-American Committee of Presidential Representatives. The Committee, which was the result of a suggestion made by President Eisenhower at the Meeting of American Presidents in Panama City in July 1956, was charged with recommending to the governments ways of "making the OAS a more effective instrument in those fields of cooperative effort that affect the welfare of the individual." (See "The OAS on the Anvil," March.) At its final session, which ended in May, it presented twenty-seven recommendations in the fields of economics and finance, agriculture, public health, social welfare, education, technical cooperation, nuclear energy, public relations, and general organizational matters. Among other things, it urged a five-year campaign to wipe out malaria in the Americas, for which provision has already been made in the budgets of several countries; the establishment of five hundred annual scholarships for technical education; and the creation of an Inter-American Committee on Nuclear Energy to assist Latin American countries. The United States played host to an Inter-American Symposium on Peaceful Application of Nuclear Energy in May (see "Putting the Atom to Work," August).

In the economic field, the first OAS Economic Conference was held in Buenos Aires in August and September. The background of the meeting was dealt with in our July issue in "Why an Economic Conference?" and the outcome in "What Happened at Buenos Aires" last month. Six Latin American countries participated in the International Industrial Development Conference, sponsored by Stanford University and Time-Life International, at San Francisco in October.

The closing of the biggest gap in the Pan American Highway—through the Darien jungle of Panama and into Colombia—came a step nearer to reality when the Seventh Pan American Highway Congress, meeting in Panama in August, recommended the southern route through the sparsely inhabited region and supported further exploration, although financing remains to be worked out. The problems involved were discussed in "Across the Darien Gap" in our August number.

The OAS Council, as provisional organ of consultation under the terms of the Rio Treaty, acted to preserve peace in the Hemisphere in the dispute between Honduras and Nicaragua over territory awarded to the former in 1906 by an arbitral decision that Nicaragua contests. A cease-fire was quickly arranged, and the parties agreed to submit the case to the International Court of Justice at The Hague. (See "The OAS Steps In," also in August).

The election of the Secretary General, the Assistant Secretary General, and the chairmen of the OAS Council and the Economic and Social Council will take place while this issue is on the press, so we must wait until next month to present the men who will be at the helm as we steer into a new year.

THE EDITORS



Tandem-rotor Vertol helicopter demonstrates modern method of laying pipelines employed where terrain is rugged

work horse of the air

KATHLEEN WALKER

LAST AUGUST a helicopter pilot dawdling above the countryside near Albisola Marina, Italy, suddenly spotted an onrushing train moving inexorably toward a truck stalled on a railroad crossing around the bend. The pilot swung over to the train, hovered, and signalled frantically to the engineer to stop. "At first he didn't understand," the pilot reported later, "but when the rotor blades were almost touching the engine cab, he realized that something was wrong. The train came to a halt only a few feet from the truck."

The incident pointed up another dramatic—and unsuspected—life-saving role for what is probably the most versatile vehicle ever invented by man. Its magic-carpet qualities endear the 'copter to almost anyone who has sampled the mystifying experience of vertical flight, accounting for such affectionate nicknames as "angel of mercy," "chopper," "eggbeater," and "whirlybird." Because of its maneuverability—it can go up, down, backward, and forward, besides stopping in mid-air—its uses appear to be unlimited. Col. H. Franklin Gregory, one of the pioneering helicopter pilots in the United States, described its capabilities in the title of his book *Anything a Horse Can Do*. The Aircraft Industries Association goes further. It maintains that today the helicopter is doing what an ambulance, a boat, a bus, a camera, a car, a cowboy, a crane, a dryer, a fire engine, a jeep, a sleigh, a streetcar, a tractor, a truck, or a tug can do. Yet the helicopter is so young that most people never heard of it before the tag end of World War II, indeed it was not even flown successfully in the Western Hemisphere until the first year of that war. Since then it has

become a work horse familiar to people around the globe.

This does not mean that we are approaching the happy state of "a helicopter for every household." The delicate and complex moving parts that give this whimsical machine lift and versatility also make it inherently unstable and more difficult to control than a conventional airplane (some seven simultaneous aerodynamic forces are involved in getting a fixed-wing craft aloft, thirty-odd for a helicopter). Offsetting this, the helicopter has an impressive safety record due partly to its built-in "parachute": when the engine fails, the air flow is reversed and the machine-driven rotors become wind-driven as with an Autogyro.

At the moment the U.S. industry is busy supplying the armed forces, which own more than 90 per cent of the country's helicopters, and is not yet ready for large-scale civilian production. Besides, choppers are expensive, and maintenance is high (the transmission alone of a small helicopter costs more than a Cadillac). Limitations of speed, altitude, and weight are other sobering factors to bear in mind in appraising its future. On the other hand, through research and experimentation the industry may eventually eliminate some of these shortcomings. The Vertol Company has just announced production of the world's largest commercial helicopter, which carries nineteen passengers or more than two tons of cargo and can be used as a personnel transport, a flying crane, a tool for erecting oil rigs, and a vehicle for laying pipeline. In demonstrations, it lifted a 4,115-pound piece of machinery, the heaviest single part of a drilling rig.

Meanwhile, there are many jobs that nothing else can

handle so efficiently as rotary-wing aircraft. Rescue work and air-taxi service—choppers specialize in short hauls—are the operations the public generally associates with helicopters. The number of lives the “angels” have saved is enough to justify their existence. But new and unique uses are being reported every day that open up exciting possibilities for this nimble machine. Wherever high lift rather than high speed is essential, the helicopter is pressed into service. Some of its less routine jobs include delivering modern Santa Clauses to community Christmas festivities, installing church steeples and TV towers, serving as a sightseeing bus over the Grand Canyon and Niagara Falls.

Local governments use the helicopter as a fire truck, as a police cruiser (in harbor and highway traffic control), and as an air tug—to berth ships or haul trucks out of the sand. This towing function is the more remarkable since the laws of aerodynamics demand that an exact ratio be maintained between lift and weight to get the ‘copter off the ground. So far they have developed as much pull as a yard locomotive and have towed three-thousand-ton ships.

Industry and agriculture have been quick to take advantage of the ‘copter’s ability to lift, tow, transport, and hover. In North America the first commercial helicopter operator began modestly in 1946 with agricultural charter flying. Now eighty-nine commercial operators are flying more than 380 helicopters in the United States and Canada. In the long run, the helicopter’s value as a mechanical pack horse may outstrip the advantages it offers as a passenger carrier.

The ‘copter’s hedge-hopping agility, together with the high volume of air moved by the rotor blades, makes it eminently useful to agriculture for seeding, spraying, crop-dusting, and frost control. The novel aircraft maneuvers neatly into awkward areas while the down draft stirs the air and dusts the underside of plants. Damaging frost is prevented in citrus orchards by the ‘copter’s rotating wings, whose powerful down draft reverses the direction of rising warm ground air.

For herding cattle, the five-hundred-thousand-acre Waggoner Ranch in Texas estimates that its single helicopter does the work of fifteen to eighteen cowboys.

Industrial machines have paid for themselves many times over. In the U.S. Gulf Coast area, for example, the petroleum industry depends on helicopters to service offshore oil rigs. Like eagles after prey, they swoop back and forth transporting supplies and crews to the water-based drilling platforms, saving both time and money in portal-to-portal pay checks. In other parts of the world, oil drill rigs have been hauled by helicopter into jungle territory, a three-month operation that would have taken an estimated eighteen over land. Helicopters patrol oil pipelines and are used for seismograph surveys. In the same way they are useful to the mining industry for prospecting and for the actual staking of claims.

Electric-power companies use helicopters to check power lines, a job they can perform in days instead of the weeks that used to be spent on inspection tours on foot. ‘Copters also survey routes for new power lines, lay the wire, deliver portable towers to isolated sites, and rush in emergency repair crews.

The classic example of industrial helicopter operations is their trail-blazing performance for the Aluminium Company of Canada in the precipitous Kemano-Kitimat area of British Columbia. Thanks to the agile whirlybirds, the now-famous hydroelectric project was hacked out of a narrow valley and cables were laid to carry the power to aluminum smelting plants. Hopping from mountain peak to mountain peak, taking off from landing patches no larger than a double bed, the ‘copters brought in all sorts of equipment and supplies from nails to prefabricated houses. Loads too cumbersome to carry inside were strapped to outside carriers or slung below. Where the mountains were too steep for landing, materials and carpenters were dropped onto location. At one point helicopters sprayed a twelve-mile-long lake with lampblack to hasten thawing and permit barges to service an otherwise isolated camp.

Through just such bushwhacking operations—skipping

U.S. Navy uses helicopters to rescue pilots who crash or are shot down at sea



over mountain barriers, spanning dangerous swamps and rivers, and penetrating deep jungles—the helicopter has opened up remote areas in various parts of the world, holding forth tremendous promise for unexplored and undeveloped regions.

The helicopter might have been invented expressly for Latin America. *Flying* magazine recently called that area “probably the world’s prime potential for choppers.” There is little doubt but that, given Latin America’s geographic vagaries, the flexible ‘copters, which can operate under highly adverse conditions, could be vastly useful to business and industry there, particularly in vertical regions and dense tropical jungles with their accompanying variety of weather.

Last year, as much to test the helicopter’s prowess under the most exacting flying conditions as to introduce a new model south of the border, a U.S. Bell pilot and service representative made a record-breaking tour of Central and South America. In three months Joe Mashman and Joe Beebe traveled seventeen thousand miles in the “Silver Hummingbird.” They visited fifteen countries and made the first helicopter flight over the Andes from Chile to Argentina. Carrying a couple of stretchers and an electric hoist for demonstration purposes, they put their craft through its paces for five presidents, other top government officials, and businessmen. (In Paraguay they found that the twelve-year-old son of President Alfredo Stroessner had already soloed in a helicopter owned by the Paraguayan Air Force.)

This was the toughest assignment yet for a helicopter.

“We cruised jungle on one hop for two hundred miles without ever seeing a hole big enough to sit down in,” Beebe said later. “Unpredictable weather changes—hostile terrain—long hours—mountain turbulence—fog, rain, hail—and every imaginable kind of gas in that engine—no, it wasn’t all fun. But how that ship took it! Once in hail and rain we crept along at thirty miles per hour just twenty feet above ground, and several times the winds off the coastal ranges literally blew us out to sea.”

One day while they were demonstrating in Lima, Benjamín Núñez Bravo, a Peruvian journalist, received word that his daughter had been critically injured in an automobile accident that had killed two companions at Oroya, thirteen thousand feet high in the Andes. She had to be taken to a hospital quickly, but it was impossible to move her out of the village over the rough mountain roads. Would Mashman bring her down by helicopter? He would. It took two tries to clear seventeen-thousand-foot mountain walls that stood in the way, but he finally found Oroya and got the girl aboard. Lima radio followed them all the way, and when they sat down in the hospital yard in the capital, eight thousand people were there to welcome them.

Actually, the helicopter had already proved itself in Latin America in mapping and survey operations, search and rescue, communications and supply jobs, and casualty evacuation. Haiti issued a series of stamps commemorating rescue helicopter flights there after the devastation by Hurricane Hazel in October 1954. Tampico,

Small Sikorsky model carries ammunition to U.S. Marine troops at the front in Korean War



Mexico, is another area that remembers with gratitude the relief of stricken survivors of the savage Hurricane Hilda. Less than twenty-four hours after the tragedy, U.S. Air Force helicopters were at the scene, carrying food, medicines, doctors, and nurses from dawn to dusk in a week-long operation.

In the winter of 1949-50, Harold Nachlin of the Sikorsky Aircraft Company spent seven months in Venezuela teaching mechanics helicopter maintenance for some Sikorsky machines acquired by the Venezuelan Air Force. The aircraft were to be used for rescue work, but they were also fitted with crop-spraying equipment, to help control the boll weevil that was destroying local cotton crops. "My job turned out to be quite a task," Nachlin said, "since the trainees selected were new to aviation. Also, they spoke no English and I no Spanish. But we got along fine using a USAF sergeant as a translator—until it came to selecting Spanish words and phrases to translate helicopter nomenclature. We spent hours discussing some of the terms before we settled on something. For example, the main rotor blades wound up being *las palas del rotor principal*, and the tail rotor was *rotor de la cola*. Now that they're using helicopters in other Spanish-speaking countries, I wonder what they have named the parts."

By 1951 the Brazilian Ministry of Agriculture was using the helicopter to fight the coffee borer in Paraná coffee fields. In 1952 the Colombian Government purchased a Hiller 360 for survey and mapping work on a projected railroad along the Magdalena River near Puerto Salgar. Two years later it bought three more Hillers to transport doctors and deliver serums in the Ministry of Public Health's battle against malaria and other tropical diseases. Mexico is using them for oil exploration and survey work. Ecuador's first helicopter was purchased by the Sociedad Agrícola e Industrial in Guayaquil. Two helicopters have been sold to the Ministry of Health in Peru, and one was purchased in Buenos Aires to use for sales demonstration and charter work. The Minera y Beneficiadora Dominicana company in Ciudad Trujillo operates a helicopter for geological survey. And U.S. Army helicopters based in the Canal Zone regularly fly mapping and survey missions to various points in Central and South America for the Inter-American Geodetic Survey.

The helicopter is also proving a boon to the U.S. civilian public. As an air ferry it is one answer to the frustrating disparity between fast inter-city plane flights and slow airport-to-city surface travel. The flight passenger who flies from one city to another in an hour need no longer spend double the time on the ride to the airport, checking in, retrieving his baggage after the flight, and taxiing back into town. The helicopter's ability to rise above highway traffic jams can also save the growing number of U.S. suburbanites time and headaches; in a report on mushrooming suburbia in the United States last spring, *Newsweek* magazine pointed out that more and more housewives in the sprawling Los Angeles area are going by helicopter when they have to shop downtown. Pilgrim Helicopter Services, the first commercial



Peruvian Ministry of Public Health has two of these Hiller models for rescue work and missions to roadless areas

helicopter firm in Washington, D.C., looks to the day when a scheduled "helibus" will bring commuters into town from a sixty-mile radius. But they hasten to add that without subsidies such flights hinge on manufacturers' ability to produce a craft with a lower cost per passenger per mile.

New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles now offer scheduled helicopter service, carrying passengers, mails, and freight, with a U.S. Government subsidy. Mail service was inaugurated as long ago as 1947. Passenger service, which began in 1953, is booming, indicating that the public needs and likes the 'copter. Los Angeles Airways alone reported a 400-per-cent growth in passenger service in one year. Chicago's regular intra-city hops now link three airports to the downtown lakefront. Last year New York Airways carried forty-three thousand passengers.

It is already possible to make international flights by helicopter via Sabena Belgian World Airlines, which has scheduled service between Belgium, Holland, France, and West Germany. The most impressive fact of all is that in none of this scheduled passenger service in Europe or in the United States has there ever been a passenger fatality.

Historically, the helicopter antedates the fixed-wing aircraft. The basic idea of vertical flight was so simple that it was advocated long before horizontal flight, but it proved far more difficult to develop. The first device that employed it was the Chinese top, which children were playing with in the twelfth century. This was a tubular piece of wood, capped by a separate "hub" with two feathers stuck into it. A string was wrapped around the hub. Jerking the string off the hub created enough lift to make the hub fly off the stick.

The first known helicopter design came in the fifteenth century from that scientific and artistic wizard Leonardo da Vinci. To describe his instrument, he used the Greek word *helix*, meaning "spiral" or "twist": "I say that this . . . helix is able to make a screw in the air and to climb high." Subsequently the Greek word for wing, *pteron*, was added, which led to the popular term "helicopter."

In 1868 a Frenchman named Pauton planned a machine called a "Pterophore," which never developed beyond the drawing board. Then an Englishman, Sir George



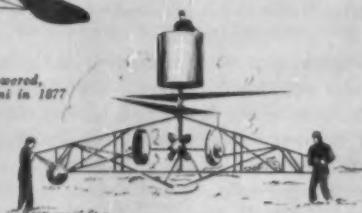
Twelfth-century Chinese flying top



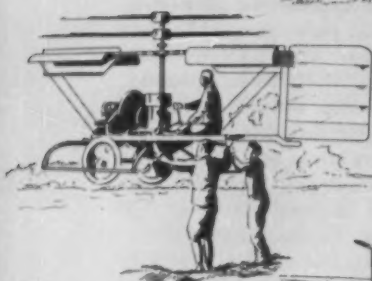
Leonardo da Vinci's design for vertical-lift machine, to be powered by clockwork



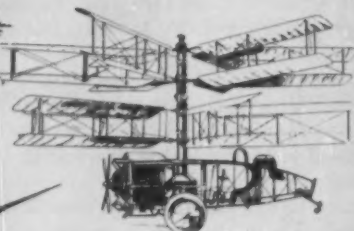
Model helicopter, steam-powered, built by the Italian Fratellini in 1877



Austrian machine (1916) could fly for one hour, was used as observation platform by armed forces



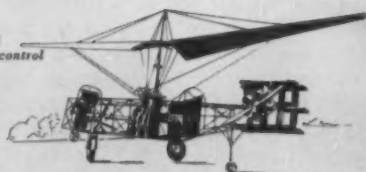
Berliner's coaxial helicopter, early U.S. attempt



Pateras Pescara of Argentina built complicated but highly advanced helicopter in early 1930's



Breguet, French aeronautical engineer, achieved notable control and stability (1935)



Early tail-rotor helicopter, built in Holland in 1930 by Von Baumhauer



Focke helicopter (1937) set many international records

Cayley—called "Father of British Aeronautics"—and an Italian civil-engineering professor, Enrico Forlanini, actually built models with steam-driven engines. Later experimenters in various countries added nothing new but kept the idea alive. Emile Berliner of the United States, who developed the gramophone, was one of those intrigued by the helicopter idea, and eventually he helped build some of the early craft. "The way to fly," he wrote a friend, "is to go straight up."

But not until four years after the Wright brothers flew their pioneering fixed-wing plane at Kittyhawk did a helicopter leave the ground with a pilot aboard. It was built by a French engineer, Louis Breguet, who left the ground in his own machine on August 24, 1907. Two years later the Russian aeronautical engineer Igor Sikorsky produced a helicopter, but when he started his machine, it rattled and shook and refused to budge. He tried another, but, although the second took off, it would lift no passengers or pilot. Sikorsky gave up in disgust and turned to conventional airplanes.

The U.S. Army's first helicopter flight demonstration took place in 1922, with a machine invented by a Russian exile, George de Bothezat. It stayed in the air for only one minute and forty-two seconds, and the Army abandoned the machine as impractical. It remained for that other Russian exile Sikorsky to make the first operational flight in the United States—seventeen years later.

During the interim, interest waxed and waned in the United States and abroad. In the mid-twenties, an Argentine, Pablo Pateras Pescara, built a helicopter—which he demonstrated in Spain and France—that established a record by flying a quarter of a mile. The Spanish engineer Juan de la Cierva invented the Autogyro, a craft that amazed the aeronautical world and contributed enormously to the development of the helicopter. Van Bannhauer of Holland, d'Ascanio of Italy, and Florine of Belgium were other pioneers in the field. Credit for the world's first really practical helicopter is given to Dr. Heinrich Focke of the Focke-Wulf Company. His accomplishments stimulated Sikorsky to give the helicopter another try. He in turn then produced the first practical helicopter in the United States, the VS-300, which completed its initial flight on September 14, 1939.

When the United States entered World War II, Sikorsky began building helicopters for the Army Air Corps, for use on convoy duty, operating from the decks of the convoyed ships; for coastal and harbor patrol; for observation and fire control; for liaison and communication; and for ambulance duty. On May 16, 1943, the first mail delivery by helicopter took place when a package of rush mail from Capitol Hill was taken to the Washington airport.

The U.S. Navy's interest in helicopters began about that time. Commander William Knapp, the Navy's first helicopter pilot, who has flown almost every type of chopper, told me of those early hectic days. Up to that time, he said, the Navy had been in no mood to experiment; it had all it could do to get delivery on tried and true materiel. Commander Knapp was flying anti-submarine patrol out of New York at the time, and went to



One-man Navy "Rotocycle" has modified Porsche automotive engine

Bridgeport "to beat the Sikorsky people out of some badly needed airplane parts. Behind the factory I saw my first helicopter—standing still in mid-air. I was fascinated. What we couldn't do with that baby in anti-submarine warfare! I rushed down to Washington and went charging into the Bureau of Aeronautics. I told the receptionist I wanted to see someone about helicopters. She didn't know what I was talking about."

After the Navy was converted—largely by Captain Kossler and Commander Erickson of the U.S. Coast Guard—it acquired a few for the New York Coast Guard station and began experimenting with a hoist for air-sea rescue work, again broadening the applications. Commander Knapp demonstrated, contrary to general belief, that the helicopter is not too unstable to fly on instruments. (It was easy to understand that an airplane could

fly itself, but could you count on the unreliable helicopter enough to let it go?)

The 'copter got its biggest boost during the Korean War. Because of it, twenty-two thousand servicemen were rescued behind the lines and combat innovations such as the tactical deployment of troops by air were introduced. It is now used by all of the U.S. armed services for an endless variety of military chores: it can tote ammunition to the front lines and carry back the wounded; it can tow beached Navy vessels as large as an LST; it can hover near aircraft carriers during flight operations to pick up any unfortunate pilots who miscalculated their take-offs or landings. There is even a "drone" helicopter, radio-controlled from the ground, which can be used as an aerial television platform to transmit pictures of forward operations to combat posts far from the battle scene.

Where, then, is vertical flight leading us? Revolutionary new offspring of the helicopter are now being developed: the convertiplane, which looks like a conventional plane but can take off and land without a ground run, and the flying platform, driven by an outboard motor. As the latter is steered partly by leaning the body weight from side to side, it would require no previous flight training. Frank Piasecki, one of the leading designers and builders of U.S. helicopters, including the familiar "flying banana," predicts that the price of helicopters will drop enough for their use as family "air cars." But many problems remain to be solved before that stage is reached. Air regulations must be revised for traffic control; city planners must provide heliports; and legal kinks must be ironed out. The human element could also be a serious drawback. Considering man's recklessness in an automobile, which is relatively easy to control, can he be trusted with a helicopter?

In any case, remembering the helicopter's speedy evolution and fantastic potentialities, it is easy to grow starry-eyed over what comes next. ♦ ♦ ♦

McDonnell "Convertiplane" has fixed wing and rotor, propeller and rotor-tip burners. It has higher forward speed than pure helicopter



PLATERO'S FRIEND

Juan Ramón Jiménez, Nobel Prize-winning Spanish Poet

DONALD F. FOGELQUIST

THE DECISION of the Nobel Prize committee to award the literary prize for 1956 to the Spanish poet Juan Ramón Jiménez must have come as a surprise to many people in the United States. As usual—particularly when the author concerned is not widely known among U.S. readers, which is almost certain to be the case with contemporary Spanish writers—there was some tendency to criticize the unpredictable behavior of the committee and to question its good judgment. Not many Americans read recent Spanish books, partly because translations are not available, partly because Spain does not at present exert a primary cultural influence in the world. Works by English, French, or even Italian authors are more likely to come to the attention of the U.S. reading public. There seems to be a direct relationship between a country's political and economic influence and the ascendancy of its literature abroad.

So far as Spain and Latin America are concerned, the prestige of the Nobel committee is probably higher now than ever before. In the nineteen Spanish-speaking countries, Juan Ramón Jiménez has long been revered as one of the towering figures of contemporary literature. For half a century their magazines and newspapers have been publishing poems, articles, letters, and aphorisms by Jiménez. His prestige was great in 1910, greater still in 1930, undiminished in 1950. His ability to exert this sustained influence over such a long period of time is at least partly explained by his attitude that the creative life must be a continual ascent toward perfection. Throughout his restless evolution, he has been responsive to new aesthetic developments, but without repudiating what he knows to be of enduring value in the old. Young writers have always found him a sympathetic friend and a wise counselor.

In Moguer, the little Andalusian town where he was born in 1881, Juan Ramón Jiménez had a reputation as a poet when still an adolescent. His attendance at a Jesuit school in Cádiz and a brief encounter with legal studies at the University of Seville only served to strengthen his determination to devote his life to writing. By the time he was twenty-two he had published four volumes of poetry—*Ninfeas* (Water Lilies), *Almas de Violeta* (Violet Souls), *Rimas* (Rhymes), and *Arias Tristes* (Sad Airs)—and won the unstinted praise of Rubén Darío and other

DONALD F. FOGELQUIST is an associate professor in the Department of Spanish and Portuguese of the University of California at Los Angeles. He first met Juan Ramón Jiménez in 1941 while teaching at the University of Miami. He published a monograph on the poet in 1956 and is working on a longer study of him.



leading writers. Among his contemporaries were Unamuno, Ortega y Gasset, Benavente (who received the Nobel Prize in 1922), Antonio Machado, Menéndez Pidal, Valle-Inclán, Pío Baroja, and a score of others—writers who can stand comparison with the best of their time in France, England, or the United States. Not since the days of Cervantes and Lope de Vega had there been such a flowering of Spanish literature.

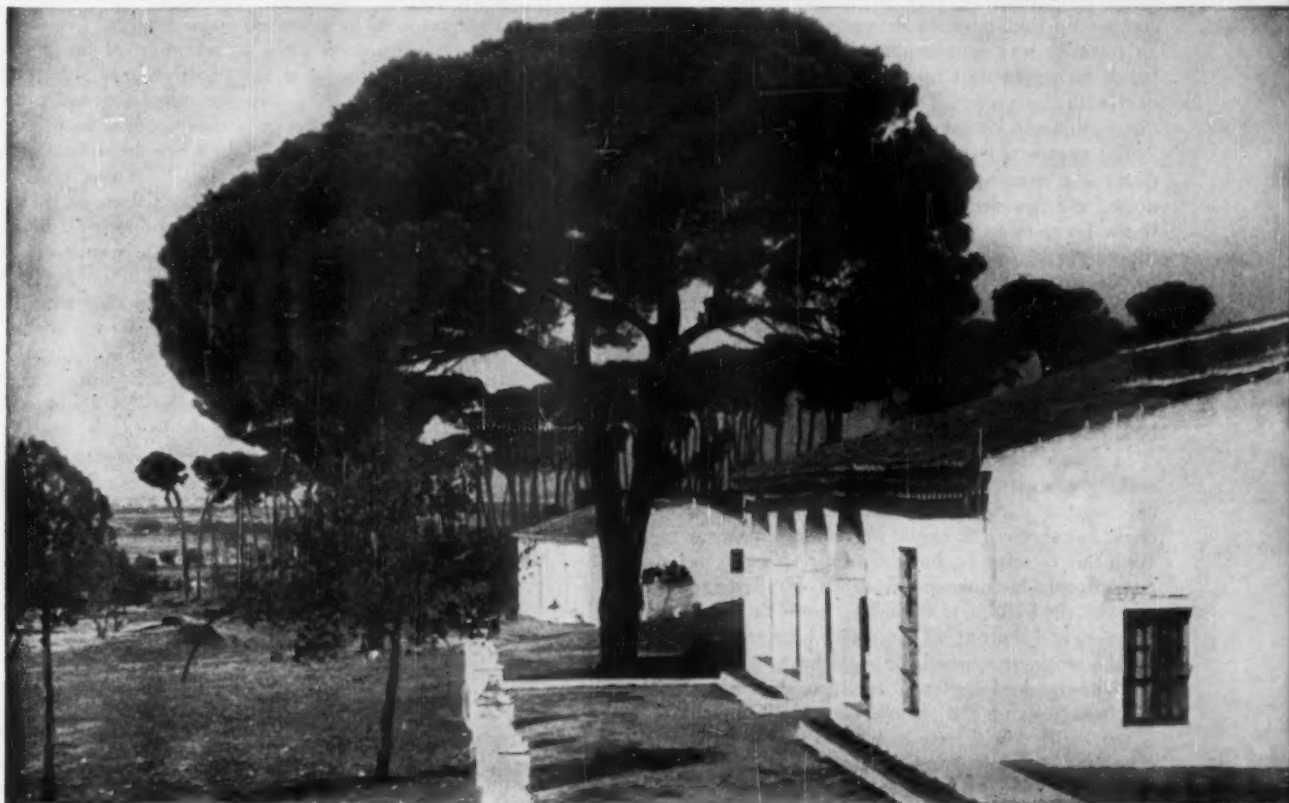
Some U.S. newspapers reported that Juan Ramón Jiménez won the Nobel Prize for his odes to a donkey. The work to which they alluded in this random manner was presumably *Platero y Yo* (*Platero and I*), a delicate prose idyl whose subtle beauty, humor, and pathos have delighted readers in many countries. First published in 1914, it has been translated into French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Norwegian, Swedish, Basque, Hebrew. An excellent English translation by William and Mary Roberts of Vanderbilt University has recently been published by the Dolphin Press of Cambridge, England, and in the United States by Philip C. Duschne, New York; another, by Eloise Roach, was brought out last summer by the University of Texas Press. *Platero y Yo* is already a classic of Spanish literature and is required reading in schools throughout Spanish America. What the newspapers generally omitted is that Juan Ramón Jiménez is also the author of some thirty volumes of exquisite poetry and of a vast number of critical essays and articles. At

seventy-six Jiménez can look back on some sixty years of fruitful creative effort.

Like so many other Spanish men of letters, Jiménez left his country during the civil war of the thirties. In August 1936, President Manuel Azaña sent him to Washington, D.C., as honorary cultural attaché to the Spanish Embassy, but the war made this mission rather ephemeral. To return to Spain was impossible. His best course seemed to be to go to Puerto Rico, where his wife, Zenobia Camprubí de Jiménez, had relatives. From there they moved to Cuba, and in 1939 they returned to the United States. Few people, even among those who have some acquaintance with the poet's works, are aware that he lived in the United States for twelve years, about three of them in Miami, the rest in or near Washington. In 1951 ill health caused him to return to Puerto Rico, where he has remained ever since. The relative obscurity in which Jiménez lived in the United States was his own choice. Fanfare and publicity revolted him, and he used all his resourcefulness to avoid them. He never sought the company of the famous. Often he did his utmost to escape from "important" people; just as often he went out of his way to talk to children or to ordinary people in whom he had discovered some kinship.

Long before I met Juan Ramón Jiménez, I had heard rumors about his austere solitude. It was said that he shunned society, that he was aloof, arrogant, unapproach-

Jiménez's country home in Moguer, Andalusia. Platero, the donkey about whom he wrote famous book, is buried under huge pine tree



able. I discovered that these, like most superficial judgments, were generally mistaken or unfair. True, Jiménez is almost never seen at banquets, teas, or cocktail parties, but this is not because he resents humanity. If he consistently avoids the press and cacophony of gatherings where people eat, drink, and chatter in smoke-filled rooms, it is because he finds them sterile and unrewarding and because they disrupt the quiet meditation essential to his creative activity. Time is precious, he is convinced; if a person is to do his life's work conscientiously and live intensely, he cannot waste his mental and spiritual resources in unproductive gregariousness. When he is in good health, he works assiduously at his writing from early morning well into the day.

From his quiet corner he views life and people with keen interest. With his friends Juan Ramón Jiménez is warm-hearted, generous, and affectionate. His conversations are delightful. He comments with originality, wit, and gay irony on every conceivable matter.

Jiménez is an unusually handsome man, though not, of course, in the conventional sense. There is an unusual depth, sensitivity, and illumination in his eyes. Some people comment—appropriately, I think—on his resemblance to those intensely spiritual Spanish gentlemen in the paintings of El Greco.

In Miami the poet lived at first in an attractive sunny apartment on the second floor of a small duplex building. Through a peephole in the door, he would take a quick precautionary look whenever he heard someone coming up the stairs, to determine whether a friend or an intruder was approaching. If it turned out to be the latter, he would dart into his study, leaving his wife to deal with the visitor. This she always did with extraordinary tact and kindness.

The poet was less successful in isolating himself from disturbing sounds. All his life he has been plagued by noise, and his determination to escape from it has at times become an obsession. In his Miami apartment, there were two perennial sources of irritation—a beauty parlor in the adjoining building and a dentist's laboratory on the first floor of his own. The beautician, it appeared, had entered into a conspiracy with the dentist, for she kept her establishment in noisy operation throughout the day, while the dentist, who was also the owner of the apartment building, kept his machinery humming and buzzing until late at night.

In Spain Jiménez had experimented with methods of making rooms soundproof, but with little success. Now, as on some earlier occasions, he decided that since he could not shut out the noise he would move away from it. With this in mind he bought a lot and had a house built according to his own specifications. His first requirement was that the bulldozers should not come, in the customary manner, and rip out all the native pine trees on the site. As the work progressed, he must have kept the builders on the ragged edge of neurosis. One day, when we were looking on with a critical eye, he said, "This mantel shelf is too high; it will have to be lowered." Another time it was the door knobs, much too elaborate to suit him. "These things will have to come off," he said indignantly.



Poet was utterly dependent on late wife, a woman of outstanding gifts herself. She died two days after he won Nobel Prize

"I want the simplest ones they can find." Again, when he discovered that the bathroom mirror had a small curlicue in one corner, he exclaimed, "Of course, this thing will have to be replaced by a perfectly plain mirror."

These little crotchets were as revealing of the poet's personality and aesthetics as any declaration of principles he could have made. He believes in simplicity and practices it. He dislikes whatever is conspicuous, flashy, ornate, noisy, false, or superficial. When he speaks, his tone is always even. He never raises his voice, gesticulates, or guffaws. Simplicity and restraint characterize his dress, his manner, his furniture, his preference in all things. He told me once that in Spain whenever he needed new clothes he simply called his tailor and ordered another suit exactly like the last one. Another time he remarked, "I have worn this pair of shoes for ten years."

The same austerity prevails in his personal habits. He drinks neither coffee, tea, nor alcoholic beverages, and he maintains that poetry should be created without artificial stimulation. He is understandably impatient with those who show more concern over the stomach than over the spirit. He once said of a distinguished but rather rotund Cuban couple that there wasn't room for them to walk side by side on ordinary sidewalks; one had to trail along behind the other. He found obesity hard to forgive, not only because it connoted excess, but also because as a matter of aesthetic principle he objected to bulkiness of any kind—in house furnishings, architecture, literature, art, or the human frame.

His fastidiousness about food and drink sometimes created problems, especially when he was forced to rely on restaurant fare. For one thing, he could not express himself readily in English and his wife had to translate for him, but the real difficulty was that he was likely to

ask for foods that were not served in the average restaurant. I remember one sultry afternoon in a Washington soda fountain when, as usual, there was nothing on the menu that the poet thought he could abide. He asked his wife to order a special brew to be prepared according to his instructions, and a long bilingual discussion with the puzzled waiter ensued, followed by what seemed an unreasonably long wait for our drinks. After one suspicious sip of the exotic-looking purple liquid finally set before him, the poet put the glass down and remarked, half in annoyance, half in amusement, that he thought he might use it to fill his fountain pen.

In Washington, the poet and his wife had a large apartment on one of the tree-lined streets not far from the Capitol. A number of children lived in his wing of the building, and all were his friends. Whenever the apartment door was left open some child three, four, or five years old was likely to peep in. Often the poet went for walks in the neighborhood hand in hand with one.

Jiménez was fond of Washington and of the United States in general. I never heard him speak contemptuously of U.S. creative achievements, as European intellectuals so often do. He considered some U.S. poets to be among the finest the world has produced. He admired Whitman, Frost, and a number of others, but Emily Dickinson was, I think, the one he liked best and one of his favorite poets of any nation.

Writers, artists, and diplomats from all the Latin American countries sought interviews with the poet when they came to Washington. Not all were admitted, but he received cordially the many who were motivated by real friendship and not mere curiosity. He had quite a number of friends and acquaintances also among American writers—John Gould Fletcher, Herschel Brickell, Muna Lee, and William Dudley Poore were some of those whom he esteemed. He also saw something of Ezra Pound after the latter's fall from grace and return to the United States. To Pound he once remarked, "I am an exile from my country and you are an exile in your country."

Henry Wallace, who was Vice President during the early years of the poet's residence in Washington, became one of his good friends. Mr. Wallace's Spanish would not have qualified him for admission to the Royal Spanish Academy, but he had made a very commendable effort to learn it and could make himself understood. Mr. Wallace used to come to the poet's apartment carrying some Spanish book—often a volume of poetry by Jiménez himself—and a small notebook in which he would jot something down from time to time. Often he asked the poet a question and would write down the answer. They talked about a variety of subjects in the friendliest manner and with obvious enjoyment.

These conversations with Mr. Wallace had nothing to do with politics, for Jiménez has no time for political discussions and little patience with them. To those who ask him about his political views he is likely to answer that he belongs to no party and professes no doctrine. However, one does not have to be with him long to discover that he is a man of democratic ideas and compassionate spirit. He believes in the dignity of man and

is revolted by any tyranny or oppression. He has repeatedly declared his hostility toward Fascist, Communist, and all other kinds of dictatorship—an attitude that is widespread among the intellectuals of the Spanish Republic, although this has not been generally realized in the United States. Born into a privileged class, Jiménez has nevertheless always been in sympathy with the common people of Spain, in whom he has perceived spiritual resources undiscovered by the less sensitive.

In his poetry, as in his life, Jiménez has tended more and more to eliminate all that is extraneous and meaningless. He mercilessly corrects his own work, always seeking to reduce things to their essence. He believes that the poet should seek to express the ineffable, that the poem should be a flower sustained in space without stalk or root, nourished by light alone—to borrow a metaphor from one of his own poems. The term "pure poetry" has sometimes been used to characterize his later works, but this is not pure poetry as Valéry and his followers understood it. From his earliest verses to his latest, the prevailing tone is one of intense subjectivity. It is present in his early elegiac works, in subsequent ones of impressionistic character, in more intellectual poems of a still later period, and finally in those of marked religious spirit. The deeply subjective awareness of nature progresses from melancholy contemplation to ardent mystic experience in a poetic trajectory of constant ascent. Once the zenith is reached, there is no route left except the one leading inward. Now the poet's ardor impels him toward the nucleus of divinity within his own being and his poetry attains the purity and radiance of a burning sapphire.

The intense yearning and the ardent quest of the ultimate fulfillment of his human and divine destiny are the emotional current that runs through the works of his maturity. The short poem "Anunciación," from his volume *Piedra y Cielo* (Stone and Sky, 1919), epitomizes effectively the poems of this period:

*¡Ay, deshacerme,
de una vez ya, en la luz;
entrar, hecho oro verde y
último,
en el libre secreto recatado
de los afanes imposibles!*

Oh, to vanish,
all at once, in the light;
to enter, made green-gold and
ultimate,
in the free hidden secret
of impossible yearnings!

"La Fruta de Mi Flor," from his latest published volume, *Animal de Fondo* (Creature of Depth), is characteristic of the poems of this collection, in which the mystic aspiration at last finds fulfillment:

*Esta conciencia que me rodeó
en toda mi vivida,
como halo, aura, atmósfera de
mi ser mío,
se me ha metido ahora dentro.*

This awareness that encircled
me
in all that I have lived,
as halo, aura, atmosphere of my
own being,
has now gone inside me.

*Ahora el halo es de dentro
y ahora es mi cuerpo centro
visible de mí mismo; soy, visible,
cuerpo maduro de este halo,
lo mismo que la fruta, que fué
flor
de ella misma, es ahora la fruta
de mi flor...*

Now the halo is from within
and now my body is the visible
center of myself; I am, visible,
the ripe body of this halo,
just as the fruit, which was a
flower
of itself, is now the fruit of my
flower....

Recently, when asked to name his favorite poet, Jiménez answered simply, "God." Spiritually he is a descendant of the great mystic poet St. John of the Cross, a countryman of his; aesthetically he is a perfectionist of the lineage of Góngora. Early in his career he was influenced by Poe, Verlaine, Heine, and other foreign poets, but he is less indebted to these than to certain poets of the Hispanic world: Bécquer, Rosalía de Castro, Darío, and Unamuno. But whatever has come to him from these sources has been assimilated and transformed by his genius. He is one of the most original of all Spanish poets and certainly one of the greatest. It is safe to predict that generations from now many of his poems will be numbered among the most beautiful lyrics ever written in the Spanish language.

The Swedish translation of *Platero y Yo* appeared, opportunely, in 1956, but the Swedish public already had some acquaintance with the works of Juan Ramón Jiménez through translations by one of their own poets, Hjalmar Gullberg. Gullberg, a member of the Swedish Academy and of the Nobel Prize committee, will also be remembered as the translator of the late Chilean poetess Gabriela Mistral, who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1945.

Word that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize came to Jiménez just two days before the death of his wife. It had been known for three or four months that her cancer had progressed beyond possibility of cure and that she had only a short time to live. Intimate friends at her bedside told her that her husband had been chosen to receive the Nobel Prize, but she was too weak to reply. Only a fleeting smile indicated that she had understood. Soon afterward she lapsed into the final coma.

Those who never knew Zenobia Camprubí de Jiménez can scarcely appreciate the intensity of the poet's tragedy. She had requited a total dependence with a total devotion. For forty years she had been the poet's wife, com-

panion, secretary, critic, interpreter, nurse, and guardian angel. There was no limit to her goodness, patience, courage, and unselfishness; she would go to any extreme of trouble and inconvenience to help others. So sprightly and gay that she seemed incapable of growing old, she was as cheering as sunlight. Highly gifted and sensitive herself, she was able to stimulate the creative genius of the poet and to see that nothing frustrated its expression. Juan Ramón Jiménez owed more to her than to any other human being.

Her death aggravated the illness from which Jiménez has been suffering for more than two years, and made it impossible for him to go to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize. He asked his friend Rector Jaime Benítez of the University of Puerto Rico to represent him at the Nobel ceremonies. At the official banquet Dr. Benítez read the message entrusted to him by the poet, which was in part a tribute to his wife expressed in the following words: "My wife Zenobia is the real winner of this prize. Her company, her help, her inspiration of forty years have made my work possible. Today, without her, I am overwhelmed with grief."

It is unlikely that Juan Ramón Jiménez will ever leave Puerto Rico, where he has always been treated with friendliness and hospitality, where his wife now lies buried, and where he has gathered together all his books, papers, and other possessions. In his study there are several large boxes of unpublished manuscripts and drafts of unfinished books. No one can say whether he will ever again resume his interrupted work. In his closing remarks at the Nobel banquet Rector Benítez expressed what must be the feeling of many people in many parts of the world: "We cherish the hope that his great sorrow will at last find written expression and that the memory of Zenobia, like a new Beatrice, may become immortal in the prose and in the verse of the purest of the poets of the Spanish world." ♦ ♦ ♦

Latest picture, taken in October, when poet left hospital to visit Zenobia and Juan Ramón Jiménez Room, University of Puerto Rico Library





Herminio Salinas inspects guitar side after removing it from mold

SALINAS AND SONS

MEXICO'S LEADING GUITAR MAKERS

WARD SINCLAIR

During the past fifty-odd years, hundreds upon hundreds of deftly fashioned guitars have poured from a small Mexico City shop run by a man whose name, Herminio Salinas, now ranks alongside those of the renowned Spanish guitar manufacturers—such as Manuel Ramírez, Santos Hernández, Domingo Esteso, or Ibáñez—and

WARD SINCLAIR, a U.S. student at the University of Mexico, has studied guitar under Guillermo Salinas.

Hauser of Germany. There are not as many Salinas guitars on the market as there are of other recognized names, however, because this seventy-seven-year-old artisan is one of the few who still put quality above quantity or even personal gain, and does 95 per cent of his work by hand. This philosophy has brought world-wide fame to "Salinas and Sons" and considerable satisfaction and pride to Herminio and his family. Every week three to five guitars, which may range in price from twenty to two hundred

dollars, go into the showcase in the front room of the Salinas home. Regardless of the price tag, each guitar is guaranteed to produce a brilliant yet velvety sound that is the mark of distinction between fine instruments and those made for quick sale.

"We're content with our small production," explains the elder Salinas. "I've never hired outsiders for two reasons. First, I'm afraid of labor trouble, and second, I feel that our guitars may lose their quality if I hire someone who is unfamiliar with our processes."

Around the turn of the century, Salinas was employed as a woodworker in his home town, Tenango del Valle, in Mexico State. Before this he had worked in a pulque factory, making the popular alcoholic beverage. In 1902, which was also the year of his marriage, Herminio first tried his hand at guitar making, with a friend who had learned construction techniques in Spain. This seemed only a passing fancy, for Salinas continued at his regular job of building wagons, railroad cars, and furniture.

Just before the revolution against the Porfirio Díaz regime broke out in 1910, Salinas found himself with a fifth share in a gold mine near Tenango. However, when two of his four partners were killed in the fighting, the operating capital was lost. He then entered state politics but retired after several years of "not knowing who my friends were or what trouble I would have getting votes." In the early nineteen-twenties he decided to go back to woodworking, this time in Toluca, the state capital. By then four of the eventual eight Salinas children had arrived. To insure an income, he worked part-time as an instructor at the state trade school while building up his guitar business.

As his sons grew up, they learned the craft in their father's shop. Juan Eliseo still works there and turns out his own concert guitars on the side; Guillermo, an accomplished guitarist, quit the production end in 1950 to devote all his time to teaching; and Mario, the twenty-seven-year-old "baby," is expected to take over the shop when his father retires. Herminio's nineteen-year-old grandson Rodolfo González also helps out, and a daughter, María, often acts as a customer contact agent and has delivered valuable instruments to the United States and to other parts of Mexico.

The Salinases have been in Mexico City since 1937. Until the end of World War II they did only contract production for several of the capital's largest musical-instrument stores; then they became independent manufacturers. They can turn out any type of instrument once they know its standard dimensions, and can even produce miniature guitars with proportionate tonal qualities.

Juan Eliseo is Mexico's only concert-guitar maker. Although there is no great demand for these exquisitely finished instruments, he is almost always occupied with one, in addition to his regular work in the family shop. He has probably done more than anyone else to make the name Salinas known in music circles. He was a director of the now-defunct Mexican Society of Friends of the Guitar and is a personal friend of many of the country's best musicians.

In 1937, Guillermo began to study under Ramón Dona-



Top is sanded smooth before final coat of varnish is applied and sounding board attached



Two sons are associated with Herminio in business. Mario (left) tightens ropes that hold instrument while glue is drying; Juan Eliseo polishes a concert guitar he has made

Dio, who was then Mexico's finest concert guitarist, and four years later he gave his first classes in folk music. He estimates that he has given lessons to over 250 students in folk, light-classical, and classical music. In 1951 he gave private lessons to Beatriz Alemán, daughter of

Miguel Alemán, then President of Mexico. He also used to make weekly trips to Cuernavaca, some fifty miles south of Mexico City, to teach a retired American. When Guillermo decided this was too much, the man offered to pay his room and board and substantially more money for the lessons if he would stay in Cuernavaca. Despite his talents, Guillermo has never aspired to a concert career. "I feel my lot is to teach and play for enjoyment," he says. "Professional playing would be too uncertain a thing for me now that I have a wife and five children to support."

There is really no secret behind the magnificent tone produced by the Salinas guitars. An instrument's sound naturally depends on the woods used in it, and Salinas' ability to distinguish quality is what puts him in a class by himself. "The basic woods that go into the best guitars are rosewood, cypress, walnut, maple, pine, and *ligumvitac*," Herminio explains. "The pine is used only for the tops of the instruments, and the best of that is all imported into Mexico. Knowing the pine is important, because one must be able to determine the final sound it will produce by feeling it. With my thumb and the first two fingers of each hand, I can tell ahead of time if the pine should go on a cheaper instrument or be saved for one of our more expensive ones."

Before starting to work, he decides upon the kind of wood he will use for the neck, sides, and back. The neck is cut first. Next, the sides are cut out in flat strips, soaked in water, tied on forms, and dried slowly over open fires. The neck is then secured to the sides, which are brought together with an inside support at the bottom of the instrument. The top is then cut out of a large sheet and shaved down to the proper thickness. The harmonic bars are placed on the under side before it is glued to the sides and neck. After this step, the back of the instrument is cut out and put on the frame. The decorative edging is then glued around the top and back of the guitar, the opening cut in the top, and the fancy plastic mouth adornment put into place. The crude instrument is given an all-over sanding and a first coat of clear varnish. The finger board is then finished and put on over the neck and the frets are hammered into place. The last stages of placing the bridge and tuning keys precede the final sanding, varnishing, and polishing. The instrument is then outfitted with strings and is ready for sale.

Another important point in the guitar's final worth is the care taken in every step of its construction. The highest-priced guitars are laid away after every step to allow the glue to dry thoroughly and to make sure that the woods are properly seasoned. Salinas also emphasizes that the kind of wood should determine the amount of inner support to be used. This part of Salinas' procedure is different from that of any other of the world's good guitar makers. It is mostly a matter of the way he places, sands, shapes, glues, and finishes the thin supports. Having repaired or examined the best name instruments, he says that the German Hauser—regarded as the finest in production today—and the best Spanish guitars are comparable in this respect, while the Italian and Mexican instruments vary. Generally speaking, Italian guitars are better tonally than the Spanish and Mexican, and Argen-

tine and Brazilian instruments are the best to come out of South America.

Each of the best-known makers has its own particular identification mark, which may be either the outline cut on the top of the head or the mosaic-like design around the mouth. The Casa Salinas uses only a distinctive mosaic, but a Hauser-type head styling may be put on a high-priced instrument, a Ramírez-type head on the next, and so on.

Many tributes have been paid the Salinas guitars. One of them is a dedication scrawled on a picture of Andrés Segovia that is proudly displayed in the Salinas living room. Although he had never used one of their instruments in a concert, he wrote: "To Herminio Salinas and sons with sincere affection, for the work you are doing for the guitar. Wishing you success, A. Segovia."

Herminio Salinas' favorite story is about the American couple who traveled almost sixty-five hundred miles to buy



Son Guillermo abandoned guitar-making for teaching. In background at left, inscribed photograph of Andrés Segovia; at right, picture of cousin Francisco Salinas, a noted guitarist

one of his instruments. While living in Hawaii, they saw a Salinas guitar and decided they wanted one. On a vacation trip, they met a musician in New York who played a Salinas, but all they could find out was that the instruments were sold only in Mexico City. In San Francisco, on their way home, they found another friend with a Salinas guitar. So they went to Mexico City, determined to find Herminio Salinas. The people they talked with had never heard of him, but they finally found a likely number in the telephone book. At long last they had tracked him down. The old man was so impressed that he offered them the best guitar in the showcase, which had already been promised to Guillermo. "Son," he said, "you can get another of these any time. But these people can't."

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Improving rural housing

through community contests
in Bolivia

VICTOR MONTOTOY MEDINACELY

Photographs by ALBERTO TARDÍO MAIDA

AT DAWN the small country village is fully awake. Tall eucalyptus and green willow trees border the small, cultivated plots between the Indian houses along the abruptly descending course of the ravine or high on the rocky hillocks. Freshly painted, the small white houses stand out against the blue sky above. As the sun rises higher, the village stirs. People are wearing their Sunday best: hooped petticoats, ponchos, and shawls. The ancient church bells peal. Down the road a cloud of dust heralds the approach of the station wagon bearing the visiting authorities to the happy community of Coipasi, a Quechua village in a corner of the Bolivian province of Cornelio Saavedra de Potosí.

The dignitaries arrive and the hubbub mounts as a local band plays folk music on reed flutes. Rows of school children start the procession toward the main square and the festival begins.

What is the great event? Is it the day of St. Peter, patron of the village? Or are they inaugurating the new schoolhouse? Nothing of the sort. This time, while showing off its old traditions, the village is leaving its stagnant inaction behind and beginning its march toward progress. And it is not only a new church or a school for its children that the people are cheering for. It is every house in the village.

The meeting is not confined to a single, officially designated spot. The "commission," made up of educational and Indian-affairs authorities from the capital, goes visiting from door to door. About thirty of the houses display immaculate white walls, some with thatch, others with

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Awarding of prizes for home-improvement contest is occasion for celebration in Indian town of Warisata, Bolivia

Fresh paint, windows, room partitions are among improvements in this house entered in contest held in Coipasi



tile, roofs; but their main attraction is the small windows that have banished the traditional darkness from the rural dwellings, contributing to a more pleasant life and bringing in the benefits of light, sun, and air. The houses, which before had low, narrow doors scarcely big enough to let an adult through, dirty walls blackened by soot, and leaky roofs, are changed now, inside as well as out.

The efforts of the teachers, doctors, and other members of the Coipasi Fundamental Education Project, who months before had gone as a social-work team to visit rural dwellings and become acquainted with heads of households and all the inhabitants of the region, had not been in vain. Although at the beginning they had often been disappointed to find themselves practically alone in their efforts to improve the community, it did not take long for the rural population to back their plans. A happy idea was the launching of a home-improvement contest, which provided a useful stimulus. Most of the dwellings were below standard. In fact, some families were living in almost subhuman conditions, not so much because of their extreme poverty as because of the complete lack of encouragement to lead a better life. Long-rooted habits made people indifferent to change, resigned to living in the unhygienic promiscuity of their mud huts. Whatever slight influence the local school had on the children was of very little if any value, since at home the influence of parents and elders was stronger.

On the festive day I have described, the people's faces showed calm contentment as the retinue of officials went on patiently inspecting the houses.

"What my wife likes best is the windows," commented an Indian, "because she can look at herself in them as in a mirror."

In fact, the windows were the contest's most widely accepted feature. Because of the country people's suspicious nature, their size was limited—"better small than big." Easy payments for them were arranged through a consumers' cooperative, which sold in Coipasi windows manufactured in La Paz. The spirit of imitation characteristic of people in small villages helped too. Don Lorenzo, a thirty-five-year-old farmer, expressed the spirit of "keeping up with the Joneses" when he said: "If I don't install windows, people will criticize me for not caring to give my children a good home."

The raised stove in place of a fire on the floor was another popular improvement. Almost all the households participating in the contest built new hygienic kitchens, with stoves, chimneys, and shelves for cooking utensils, next to their dining rooms. As in the case of the windows, many of these kitchens came as the result of imitation rather than need or conviction. These changes in the kitchen also showed a direct relation to the householders' ages and the extent of their social contacts. Young married couples with two or three children had very good kitchens and were beginning to change their habits by using them for everyday cooking. On the other hand, the old women, even if they had new stoves, continued to cook on the floor.

In order to become eligible for prizes some houses had to enlarge bedrooms and even build additional rooms,



Windows, one of most popular innovations, were cut through adobe walls. Below: the finished product



Cooking fires on floor have given way to simple raised stoves. Model kitchen below is in Social Center for Adults





Teachers and students from Warisata Rural Normal School discuss householder's progress on tour of community



Left: Rustic but practical materials bring sanitation to highlands



Right: Washstand set went to one of contest winners



since another point on which they were judged concerned the size and number of rooms. Special attention was paid to separate kitchens, sleeping quarters, and corrals, to avoid the intermingling of people and domestic animals characteristic of backward areas.

Although the task of persuading and convincing the population was aimed at the community as a whole, special attention was given to those who voluntarily entered the contest. After three years, the experiment has resulted in the improvement of 85 per cent of the rural dwellings in the area. This accomplished, the people set new goals for the community—laying out narrow streets, rearranging the central plaza, rebuilding the church, completing the Social Center for Adults, establishing sports fields, and repairing and enlarging the village school.

This accounts for the festive air of that day, dedicated to celebrating another anniversary of the Coipasi Fundamental Education Project. The contest was a practical application of several educational programs to the community, and its effects showed in the people as well as the buildings. Indeed, to social workers, the essential thing was to achieve a change of attitude on the part of the people. Otherwise, their work might have been superficial and ineffective. The fruits of this experience served as the basis for the development of a similar project in the Aymara community of Warisata on the Andean plateau, where it was carried out as part of the teacher-training program of the Warisata Rural Normal School. Coipasi's school comes under the jurisdiction of the "Schools of Christ," a Bolivian organization founded in 1907 by the Franciscan Father José A. Zampa, and other schools in this system copied the Coipasi contest in their own communities. The village that showed the most interest in improving homes was Porco, an old mining center whose riches were discovered and exploited by the Spaniards even before they found the mines of Potosí.

On that memorable day in Coipasi, after concluding their tour of the community, the officials went to the center of the village and presided over a civic and musical program accompanying the presentation of awards to the contest winners.

The assorted prizes displayed on a table were handed out on the basis of complex evaluations of the houses by the jury. One contestant received a washstand set (basin and bucket), others proudly displayed the new wheelbarrows or plows they had won. In addition, each received a diploma signed by the authorities, attesting to his progressive spirit and his love for his community and his country.

The festivities came to an end as the villagers, joined by people from near-by towns and schools, who had been invited to the ceremony, formed a circle around dancers in traditional garb. And as a final tribute to this first change of attitude—something that is always difficult and slow of achievement—the columns in the center wove in and out to the always monotonous tune of the noisy flutes.

It was a holiday in a community that is awakening to a better and brighter future. ♦ ♦ ♦

Coipasi women learn to make and take care of clothes at Social Center



Latins on the tennis court

BOB ALDEN

Pancho Segura of Ecuador, who led Latin Americans into international tennis world

FROM FOREST HILLS to Wimbledon, from Miami to Sydney, wherever tennis is played, Latin Americans are coming to the forefront as never before. When Luis Ayala of Chile recently ousted the top-ranking U.S. amateur player, Hamilton Richardson, from the Wimbledon tournament in the opening round, their new-found tennis prominence was headlined throughout the world. Ayala, incidentally, also won the Pan American tennis competition in Mexico City last October.

Tennis is no longer just a pastime for the idle rich, the country-club set, in the Latin American countries. Universities and secondary schools have built courts, cities and states have opened public ones, and private clubs are encouraging members to take up the game seriously. Haiti even asked that a professional tennis player be sent under the U.S. cultural exchange program, and Allie Ritzenberg of Washington spent six months there. For the most part, tennis equipment is still imported from the United States and England, but Brazilian manufacturers are turning out rackets and balls. As an incen-

tive to players and learners, Ecuador allows the equipment to be imported duty-free.

As a matter of fact, Ecuador led this Latin American invasion of the international tennis world by sending its champion player, Francisco "Pancho" Segura, to the United States in quest of the U.S. title and as a sort of good-will ambassador. That was in 1941, after Pancho had captured the men's singles championship at the Bolivarian Olympics, a biennial competition among athletes from Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Peru, and Venezuela.

Pancho Segura, born of poor parents in Guayaquil, had a drab future to look forward to. As a child he was so weak and spindly that his playmates called him *pata-loro* (parrot foot)—a nickname that stuck and is still used affectionately by his Ecuadorian friends. Pancho did not pick up a racket until his father became caretaker of a local tennis club. On the sly, he worked hard at the game and developed his now-famous two-fisted forehand drive. When Quito challenged Guayaquil to a match, Pancho was chosen to play. He won, and his tennis career was launched.

Once in the States, Segura was convinced that any

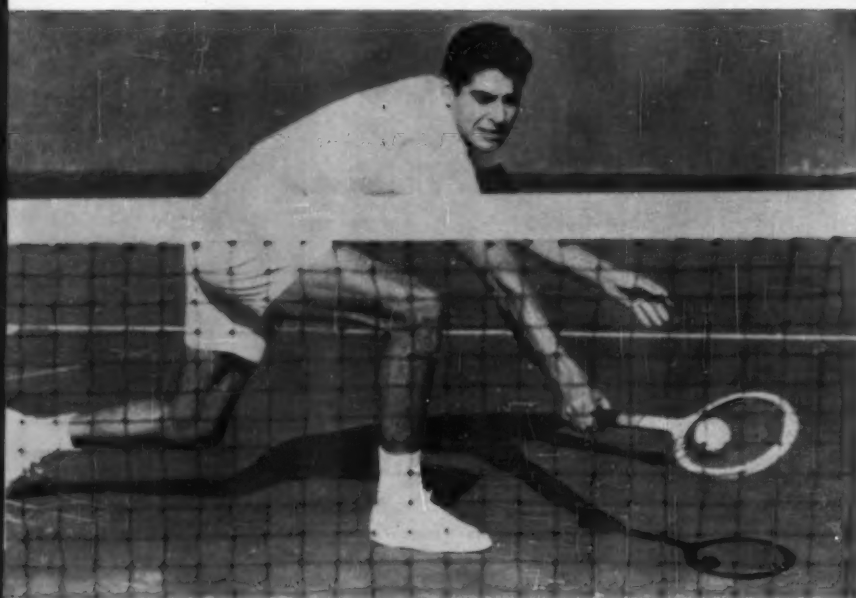
BOB ALDEN, formerly with the Cleveland Press, has been on the sports staff of the Washington Post and Times Herald for the past six years.

Carlos Fernandez came from Brazil to become regular on U.S. amateur tennis circuit



Chilean Ricardo Balbiers has for years ranked among top club players in eastern United States

Born in Los Angeles of Mexican parents, Pancho Gonzales has reached heights of international professional tennis



Below: Pepe Aguero of Brazil entered Tulane University and became fourth Latin American to win U.S. intercollegiate title



Brazilian Armando Vieira (left) holds fourteenth place in U.S. amateur ranks. He is shown with Sam Giammalva of Houston just before last year's National Indoor Tennis Championship tournament



tennis future he might have was here. Though he has returned to Ecuador many times since, usually on tour or to play exhibition matches, he now makes his home in the United States and is married to an American.

Shortly after his arrival, he entered the University of Miami and for three years straight, beginning in 1942, won the U.S. intercollegiate championship, a feat without parallel. Each summer Pancho competed on the amateur tennis circuit, but only twice in seven years did he get as high as third place. When he slipped to tenth in 1946, he decided to spend only one more year in the amateur ranks. (Amateurs receive only "expense money"—a vague term that covers travel, food, and lodging during tournaments—but often make a good living if they are top players.) He improved his position only slightly—up to sixth place—and became a professional in 1948.

This marked a turning point not just in Pancho Segura's tennis career but also in the Latin American invasion of the courts. He was still the sole Latin of note in U.S. tennis. As a consistent also-ran in big amateur tournaments, he had failed to inspire others to follow in his footsteps. However, the picture suddenly changed. Segura's game seemed to improve almost overnight. On the 1947-48 tour he was a serious challenger to Jack Kramer and outplayed Bobby Riggs and Dinny Pails. The next time around he overwhelmed Frankie Parker, who had twice been the U.S. amateur champion when Pancho held third place. The Ecuadorian then took the U.S. professional singles title in 1950 and 1952. His small size, picturesque game, court antics, and courageous play made him a crowd favorite everywhere.

Meanwhile, a tall firebrand of Mexican parentage, Richard "Pancho" Gonzales, stormed out of Los Angeles to the top of amateur tennis. After being seeded only eighth on the domestic list in the 1948 Nationals at Forest Hills, Gonzales ripped through all opposition and breezed to the singles title. Though many experts called him a flash in the pan, Gonzales, who at twenty had become the second-youngest U.S. champion in history, proved his mettle by leading the United States to a Davis Cup triumph over Australia and then repeating as U.S. champion in 1949. His five-set victory over Ted Schroeder in the finals was one of the best matches ever played at Forest Hills. Down 16-18 and 2-6, he seemed to be all through. But twenty-one-year-old Pancho rallied and swept Schroeder off the court 6-1, 6-2, 6-4.

With the emergence of Segura and Gonzales, Latin Americans had an entree into U.S. and world tennis. Colleges and universities scoured Central and South America for tennis talent, offering athletic scholarships much like those awarded to football, basketball, and baseball players (Miami, Tulane, and Southern California are to tennis what Notre Dame, Oklahoma, and Michigan State are to football). Tournament directors and tennis clubs eagerly looked southward for new talent.

The Brazilian champion José "Pepe" Aguero was playing tennis in Europe during the summer of 1953 when he met Hamilton Richardson, the U.S. intercollegiate title holder. Young Richardson urged him to enroll at Tulane University and play with him under Emmett Pare, one of

the most successful U.S. tennis coaches. With Richardson and Aguero, Tulane had the best college tennis team in the States for a couple of years. Aguero succeeded Richardson as intercollegiate champion to become Pare's eighth national titlist and the fourth Latin American to win this coveted prize.

Before coming to the States, Aguero, the son of a Rio de Janeiro tennis pro, had represented Brazil in Davis Cup play. Though he is only five feet seven inches tall and weighs 132 pounds—even smaller than Segura—Pepe has won two Southeastern Conference singles titles, five state championships in the South, and forty-three out of forty-seven matches against top college competition.

Alex Olmedo of Peru, now a student at the University of Southern California, lost to Aguero in the Southern Amateur finals last year in Atlanta, then took the intercollegiate championship from him. Popularly known as "The Chief," Olmedo downed the Australian star Lew Hoad in the finals of last year's South Pacific championship 6-3, 4-6, 6-4. Fred Perry, England's outstanding three-time Wimbledon winner, flatly predicts that Olmedo, the first Peruvian to play at Wimbledon, will one day take the cup. This year Olmedo was eliminated in the opening round by the veteran Australian Mervyn Rose, but his powerful service gives promise of coming greatness.

However, Ayala's decisive victory over Richardson and Olmedo's booming service were only part of the Latin American story at Wimbledon this year. A total of fifteen men and three women—the biggest group yet from Latin America—tried for the most precious crowns in amateur tennis. Rosa María Reyes, a seventeen-year-old Mexican girl who in 1954 captured the U.S. championship for girls fifteen and under, reached the quarter-finals at Wimbledon and went on to the semifinals of the Queen's tennis tournament.

Other Latin Americans are participating in college and amateur competition all over the United States. Ronald Moreira of Brazil starred at Lamar Tech in Beaumont, Texas, in 1955 and '56. Francisco Contreras, a Mexican studying at Southern California, was co-holder of the intercollegiate doubles title those same years. Joaquín and Esteban Reyes, Rosa María's brothers, have also played for Southern California. Francisco Llamas, Mexico's top-ranking player, who has won over Vic Seixas and Art Larsen, is a regular on the amateur circuit, along with Carlos Fernandez and Armando Vieira of Brazil and Orlando Garrido of Cuba.

For years Ricardo Balbiers of Chile has been one of the top club players in the eastern United States. Though not up to the level of the amateur circuit—the intermediate stage in tennis competition—Balbiers consistently ranks among the best half dozen in his class, singles and doubles.

When a puny Ecuadorian lad named Pancho Segura first picked up a tennis racket about twenty years ago, it seemed highly improbable that he would become not only one of the world's outstanding professional players but the leader of a full-scale invasion of the courts by other Latin Americans. ♦ ♦ ♦

PASCUALINA

A playlet by ANTONIO SOUZA

Illustrations by JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS

(Pascualina, a lady of seventy years, wearing a big blond wig adorned with ribbons, is sitting at a small table covered with a cloth. On the table there are some glasses and a decanter of port. In one corner, a man's high hat is hanging on a hook. As the curtain rises, Pascualina turns off the radio.)

PASCUALINA: Yes, now I'm positive. There's no doubt about it. They've been listening to the radio, and now they're going to get it. Lucina! Lucrecia! . . . Now they'll get it. They've played too many tricks on me. Today I found the pastry tin out of place. And the line I marked on the port decanter shows that they're a couple of drunks! Lucina! Lucrecia! They're hiding from me again, running through the corridors like moles in their burrows, rolling under their beds in fits of laughter. They think I'm going to go look for them, to hit them with the wooden spoon. Oh! The way they smothered their shouts! How their rat eyes sparkled! *(She starts to nod but suddenly opens her eyes.)* Lucina! Lucrecia! *(Lucina and Lucrecia, two classical maids, enter.)* Don't stand there as if you were waiting for a thunderclap. Come closer. Right there. Aha! So you're looking at my port. Well, that will come later. I have a long list. That will come with a lot of other things. Lucina! You were listening to the radio. Lucrecia! You, too. I knew you were behind the door, and when I turned it off I heard you race down the hall. Ingrates! Thankless ones! How many times have I told you the radio isn't for you? It's mine, mine alone. It's a device for ladies, not for you. You're wearing it out for me! I'm the only one who can listen to it. Do you want to ruin it for me, listening to it behind the doors? And when it's in pieces, then what will you do?

ANTONIO SOUZA, an electrical engineer by profession, runs an art gallery in Mexico City. He has published volumes of both poetry and prose and has written two unpublished novels. JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS is one of Mexico's most successful young artists.

Tell me! You do nothing but stand there looking at me, as if you were waiting for the thunderclap. Do you think there's no respect here? Do you think there is no master in this house? Don't you see my husband's hat over there, my Rafael's hat? There's a master here, my Rafael, who bought me the radio in Berlin, and his place is always set at the table, as a mark of respect. The idea! The poor fellow. Oh, the poor fellow, he wasted away, he lost himself, wore himself out like my radio, his eyes fixed on his feet. He thought they were mule hoofs. Oh, poor Rafael, so strong, so happy. Oh, such a gentleman, obsessed with his mule hoofs! *(She starts to cry; Lucrecia and Lucina approach and pat her on the back.)* Stop, stop, don't touch me. *(She breaks away and looks into space.)* Let's see. You, Lucrecia, look out the window and see if that impertinent fellow is still there. *(Lucrecia goes to the window and Pascualina arranges her wig absent-mindedly.)*

LUCRECIA: He's still there, ma'am!

PASCUALINA: Lucina, go and bring me another wig, this is serious. The blue one with the purple ribbon. No! Wait. *(She hesitates.)* Bring me the red one with the little animal on top. Go on! Run. *(To Lucrecia)* Wait till they bring me the wig. Now you'll see what we'll tell him. Can you imagine? Do they think I'm helpless? Don't they see this is a respectable house? And it's not the first time, it's not the only time. Perhaps that's what worries me most. And you know very well that I don't start it, don't you?

LUCRECIA: It's clear to me Madam is most circumspect.

PASCUALINA: The very idea! *(Lucina enters with the red wig.)* Let's see now, take it off. You, come here; help me. *(Slowly, as if it were a very heavy crown, Lucrecia and Lucina take off the wig with the ribbons and put it on the table along with the radio and the wine service. Pascualina still has on a close-fitting skull cap.)* Quickly, quickly, I'm getting cold! *(Lucina and Lucrecia ostenta-*



tiously place the red wig on Pascualina's head.) A mirror, a mirror! Run and put the ribboned wig back in its box and bring me a mirror.

(Lucina starts to leave and Lucrecia takes her by the arm and whispers in her ear.)

LUCRECIA: Bring the thing, too!

LUCINA: Don't you have it with you?

LUCRECIA: No. You bring it. Hold it carefully.

(Exit Lucina.)

LUCRECIA: Now may I give Madam's message to the gentleman?

PASCUALINA: No. Wait, wait till they bring me the mirror.

LUCRECIA: Madam looks very well.

PASCUALINA: Of course I look well, but I want the mirror. It's always safer. Oh, how Lucina dawdles. She does it on purpose.

LUCRECIA: Here she comes.

PASCUALINA: You're doing it on purpose too. Be quiet!

(Lucina enters. Lucrecia looks at her and Lucina points at her apron pocket with the mirror.)

LUCINA: Here you are, ma'am.

(Pascualina takes the mirror and looks at herself in satisfaction.)

PASCUALINA: Run and see if he's still there.

(Lucina goes to the window.)

LUCINA: Yes, he's there. He seems restless.

PASCUALINA: Come here, come close. Pay attention to what you're going to say. (Pascualina makes herself comfortable in her chair, her hands clasped.) "... My lady says that it is impossible, that she cannot return the gentleman's attentions, that if she were free she would be pleased to hear the gentleman's entreaty." (Pascualina concludes with a shake of her head.) Go on, tell him.

(Lucina leans out the window and repeats the message.)

LUCINA: Impudent boor!

PASCUALINA: Lucina, come here. Why did you say that?

LUCINA: The man told me that he was just waiting for the bus, that he didn't understand what I was talking about, and that—

PASCUALINA: And you insult him? Are you stupid? Don't you realize that he is a perfect gentleman and can't let on that he understood? How subtle! (Dreamily) And he will come tomorrow and look up at my balcony and possibly he will have changed tactics, or perhaps not, perhaps he wants to knock my fortress down with the cannons of his silence.

LUCINA: It's just that—

PASCUALINA: Be quiet! (Lucrecia signals to Lucina, who goes over to her. They whisper behind Pascualina's back.) Possibly tomorrow I will send him a note, a note in which I break off for good. That would be best, and if he becomes even more passionate—

(Lucina and Lucrecia advance.)

LUCINA: We will help you.

LUCRECIA: Always.

PASCUALINA: Yes, and you'll wear out my radio!



LUCINA: Never again.

LUCRECIA: We promise you.

PASCUALINA: Shh, be quiet! Shh, listen. Don't you hear the mule steps, don't you hear them approaching? It's jealousy, it's jealousy! Rafael, don't torture yourself!

LUCINA: Madam—

LUCRECIA: Madam should find entertainment.

LUCINA: Madam should invite her friends.

PASCUALINA: They're all dead.

LUCINA: We could—

PASCUALINA: They're dead.

LUCRECIA: We could pretend that we were your friends.

LUCINA: You know, we could come in and you would receive us.

LUCRECIA: And offer us a little port.

PASCUALINA: Oh, no! Not my port!

LUCINA: No, of course not. Madam would be the only one to drink, we would just pretend.

PASCUALINA: You can't visit me. You don't have hats.

LUCRECIA: Madam could lend us some.

PASCUALINA: And then you would come to visit me?

LUCINA: Of course.

LUCRECIA: We'd talk about Berlin.

PASCUALINA: And the great exposition.

LUCINA: And about Madam's admirers.

PASCUALINA: Be quiet, be quiet. Wait. Look under my bed and see if you find a big box that says "Tripolina. Firenze." Oh, but you don't know how to read. No matter, it's a big box.

LUCINA: Yes, yes.

PASCUALINA: There are three hats there and they just happen to be summer ones. You, Lucina, take the one with the daisies, and you, Lucrecia, the one with the cherries. Be careful with them, they're very delicate. And don't touch the one with the ivy. Go along. Wait! Yes, powder me a little. Oh, not so much! Now go! (She settles herself in her chair, looks at her table, arranges the glasses, debates turning on the radio.) Oh, no. This may be a trick. I won't turn the radio on. Oh, Rafael, stop stamping. I'm going to receive some friends now. We'll speak of you, of how handsome you were, of the pretty carriage you had and its marvelous horn, of those rides we took along Unter den Linden, of the theater, of everything. Go along, rest your hoofs, go on.

(Lucina and Lucrecia enter, wearing the hats.)

LUCRECIA: Pascualina!
 LUCINA: Pascualina!
 PASCUALINA: Georgette, Emily, what a pleasure!
 LUCRECIA: How well you're looking!
 LUCINA: What a wonderful hairdo!
 PASCUALINA: It's Pepón's. He always does my hair divinely. Sit down, sit down.
 LUCRECIA: Tell me, are you going to stay here?
 PASCUALINA: For a while, a few months. You know how Rafael likes to travel.
 LUCINA: Are you going to the baths this year?
 PASCUALINA: It's possible, although I'm feeling very well already.
 LUCRECIA: Poor Iliana has to stay there a long, long time.
 LUCINA: Yes, the poor dear. She looks so yellow.
 PASCUALINA: The bad times George gives her are going to kill her.
 LUCRECIA: He's a Don Juan.
 LUCINA: Even to me, and he's a friend of my husband's.
 PASCUALINA: What impudence! That sort of thing always ends badly, in the poorhouse!
 LUCRECIA: Yes, he's spending a fortune.
 LUCINA: And his poor wife at the baths, it's a crime.
 PASCUALINA: In contrast, my Rafael—
 LUCRECIA: But you're a different sort of woman.
 LUCINA: Yes, and another thing. Rafael only has eyes for you, just as it's been since the first day, remember?
 PASCUALINA: Oh! The gondola ride that night in Venice. You saw us going by and called to us from the balcony of the hotel. Oh, how the gondoliers sang! Of course, I fell in love and here I am just as on the first day. *(She sighs.)* Won't you have a glass?
 LUCRECIA: No. Do you think we should?
 LUCINA: In this heat—
 PASCUALINA: It's a very light port, it'll be just the thing.
(Lucina and Lucrecia look at each other. Lucina takes something from her apron.)
 LUCINA: I'll serve you. Don't trouble yourself.
 LUCRECIA: Do you want me to close the blinds a little? There's too much light coming in.
 PASCUALINA: Go ahead, you're very kind. I was thinking the same. *(She watches Lucrecia go to the window. Meanwhile Lucina serves the port and dumps something she had in her hand into Pascualina's glass.)*
 LUCRECIA: It's so hot.
 PASCUALINA: In Berlin now it must be terrific. Everyone must be in the country, at the beach. This year we preferred to come here. Rafael is thinking of setting up a dog track.
 LUCINA: Here you are, Pascualina. I've already served Georgette, and mine is delicious.
 PASCUALINA: Yes, isn't it? We still have a few bottles. Fabián gave them to us as an apology for the trouble he caused us.
 LUCRECIA: Yes. It was ridiculous. Rafael behaved like a perfect gentleman.
 LUCINA: Fabián was crazy.

PASCUALINA: Yes, the poor fellow, he was always known as a ladies' man.
 LUCINA: Too much of one.
 PASCUALINA: I have always known how to put a stop to things. Fabián lost his head. The rest was a stupid thing.
 LUCRECIA: You're not touching your port, Pascualina. If you don't, we'll be ready for another and you won't even have tasted it.
 PASCUALINA: Yes, yes, it's that all this conversation— *(She takes little sips of the port.)* And you, Emily, what have you to say?
 LUCINA: Well, like you. Possibly this year we will go to the Tyrol, I think it's marvelous there, Oh, that air!
 LUCRECIA: I told her we could all meet afterwards in Geneva and spend a wonderful Christmas, don't you think so?
 PASCUALINA: Well, I don't know if you can count on us. This is the third time Praxedes has invited us to Scotland, and we don't want to hurt his feelings. You know how sensitive he is.
 LUCRECIA: But you won't have a good time. You know your own set.
 LUCINA: Yes, don't imagine you'll enjoy yourself. Come with us to Geneva.
 PASCUALINA: Oh, Georgette, didn't you think the port was too strong for you, too fiery?
 LUCRECIA: No, on the contrary, it was very light.
 LUCINA: I thought it was strong. I was going to tell you.
 PASCUALINA: It's made me sleepy.
 LUCRECIA: It must be the heat.
 LUCINA: Yes, I feel awfully tired too. Let's open the curtains and let more air in. Come on, Georgette, help me.
 PASCUALINA: You are so kind.
(Lucina and Lucrecia see Pascualina nodding. They go further away and see her wig fall off.)
 LUCRECIA: That does it!
 LUCINA: Bravo!
(The two dance.)
 LUCRECIA: Wait.
 LUCINA: Yes, with music!
(They turn on the radio and dance as the curtain falls.)





Seal of the University of Freiburg

Reunion in Freiburg

*The OAS at a German university's
fifth centenary*

CARLOS STOETZER

LAST JUNE I had the pleasure of attending the fifth centenary of my alma mater, the University of Freiburg, in Germany, and the added privilege of representing the OAS in the celebration. Six American nations were also represented individually—Argentina, Chile, Colombia, the Dominican Republic, Paraguay, and the United States. This important cultural milestone provided a per-

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fect opportunity for carrying word of our Western Hemisphere organization and its activities to the heart of Europe. Freiburg, with its long tradition, is one of the best centers of scholarship in the Old World, and its physical and symbolic closeness to Strasbourg, the center of the European Union movement, lent timeliness to the discussions.

The University itself, officially denominated Alberto-Ludoviciana and more commonly called "Albertina," was founded in 1457 and took its name from Archduke Albert VI of Austria. It was the first center of higher education in the Alamannic region that could compare with those already established in other parts of the Holy Roman Empire, and it was soon followed by others at Basle (1460), Ingolstadt (1472), and Tübingen (1477). The "Ludoviciana" part of the name comes from Grand Duke Ludwig of Baden, who revived the University after the Napoleonic Wars. It had evolved from a Jesuit College and survived the changes of the Enlightenment and the French Revolution, and it then became a modern university.

The University of Freiburg has always had very close ties with the city, fittingly nicknamed "The Pearl of the Black Forest," which now has some 130,000 inhabitants. Stretched in a valley alongside the slopes of the forest, between the Rhine and the Danube, in the southwest corner of Germany, it is an ideal gateway to one of Europe's most beautiful regions. It is close to Switzerland and France and on the crossroads of communications between Northern Europe and Italy and between Vienna and Paris. The Cathedral of Our Lady, which Jacob Burckhardt called the most beautiful Gothic cathedral in the world, symbolizes the history and charms of the region. It was begun at the close of the twelfth century and finished early in the fourteenth. The towers of St. Martin and of the Swabians date from the thirteenth century. Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of Freiburg from the tourist's point of view is the small ditches that run along both sides of the streets in the old part of the city. These rivulets are rather a nuisance to twentieth-century traffic, but the people are reluctant to give them up.

As the University grew, its various institutes were scattered through the city. On the night of November 27, 1944, practically all its buildings were destroyed by bombing, and few people held any hope that it could ever be revived. Nevertheless, tenacity and perseverance achieved the impossible, and today it covers a larger area than it did then. When the various plans for reconstruction were submitted, consideration was given to a unified campus, but in deference to its history it was rebuilt in five nuclei dispersed all over the city. This traditional arrangement, which assures direct contact between the students and the townspeople, seems more democratic than a campus set apart from the city.

The characteristics of German universities are worth noting. Academic freedom and university autonomy, common to all Europe, are even more conspicuous in Germany—today we would have to say Western Germany—and Freiburg is a good example. The student is accepted



as a responsible and conscientious person, and is allowed to select his own plan of studies, to choose whatever lecture courses or seminars he likes and attend as he pleases, and to change universities every semester except during the last two, when he must establish residence in order to take the final examinations.

Foreign students at Freiburg react in different ways to this system. U.S. students generally are all in favor of this freedom of choice, which is something they do not enjoy at home. The English and French tend to regard it as excessive, especially the requirement of so few examinations. South Americans and Asians have been impressed by German university students' devotion to work, ability, and sense of responsibility, which have been the reason why so much freedom could be granted. It should be mentioned that there is a General Council of Students, which tends to promote civic spirit and responsibility and exercises an influence on the University administration.

I can mention only a few of the outstanding leaders in philosophy, law, history, and economics who have worked at Freiburg. As early as the fifteenth century, there was the great humanist Ulrich Zasius (1461-1535), a friend of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More. From the long list of professors of law, I must cite Carl von Rotteck (1775-1840), who defended the ideas of constitutionalism in the nineteenth century, and Rudolph Sohm (1841-1917), whose work in the field of Roman law is fundamental. The present staff includes my old professors the venerable Gustav Boehmer, in civil law, and Erik Wolf, whose 1931 inaugural address on "the essence of the delinquent" provoked a discussion that is still going on. In it he applied the doctrines of Edmund Husserl and Martin Heidegger to the problems of criminal law.

Among the historians, Gerhard Ritter, who has written important works on many different periods, is perhaps best known for his book on German resistance to Hitler, published in 1955 and based in part on direct study of the captured German archives in Alexandria, Virginia. A predecessor of his at Freiburg, Hermann Eduard von Holst (1841-1904), is well known in the United States for his long association with Harvard and the University of Chicago and his works on Calhoun and U.S. constitutional and political history.

In economics and political science, Max Weber (1864-1920) was famous for his studies of economic history, the agrarian history of Rome, Protestant ethics and capitalism, and other political questions. The contemporary and recently deceased professors who have made up the so-called "Freiburg school of economics" have had a decisive influence on the extraordinary recovery of Germany after World War II, based on the theory of the "Free Market Economy," with a minimum of government intervention. One of them, Ludwig Erhart, directs the economic policies of the Bonn Government.

Finally, in philosophy, I need only cite Husserl and Heidegger and their "Southwest German school," whose existentialist echoes continue to have a strong influence.

Today the University has seven thousand students, and in its labyrinth of *Lederhosen* and blue jeans, pony tails and Françoise Sagan hairdos, plus Sartrean beards, there

Old inn sign frames majestic Gothic spire of Cathedral of Our Lady

are some one thousand foreigners, including about fifty from the United States and thirty from various Latin American countries. In general, foreign students abound in Germany—especially young people from Africa and Asia, attracted by the lack of embarrassing racial or colonial problems, the high prestige of the German universities, the relatively low cost, the opportunity to receive scholarships without political overtones, and the freedom students enjoy. There are student associations of Persians, Egyptians, and Hindus in many of the university towns. Students from the other European countries are more numerous than before the war. Europeans of all social classes are getting to know each other better,



Torchlight parade, typical of German student celebrations, passes main building of University

and not just on a tourist level.

A special feature of the Freiburg educational plan is the *Studium Generale*, or course of general studies. Started on an experimental basis after the war and now a regular part of the University, it is intended to give the graduate, whatever his field, enough of an idea of the problems and methods of other disciplines to avoid the dangers of narrow specialization. In addition to the regular courses and the *Studium Generale*, excellent lectures by professors from other universities or high authorities, national or foreign, are to be heard every day.

For recreation, the University and the student associations and fraternal "corporations" maintain shelters in the mountains for all kinds of sports and excursions. The many parties and dances, especially at the end of the term, organized by the Student Exchange Service, the corporations, or the associations, give that flavor of *Gemütlichkeit* described so well by Harold Nicolson. Moreover, the students get special treatment in restaurants and at theater or concert box-offices. The General Council of Students organizes study or pleasure trips that make it possible for a student to visit any European country at trifling expense.

The University of Freiburg also has its own French and English theaters. The former has staged Giraudoux's *L'Appolon de Bellac* and Musset's *Un Caprice*, among others. The English troupe has performed such modern



Freiburg professors and representatives of foreign universities in solemn academic procession

plays as Tennessee Williams' *Glass Menagerie*, as well as works of Shakespeare and Marlowe.

The corporations are the subject of much debate. They have a stern code of ethics and brotherhood, summed up in the motto "Religion, Country, Study." They date from the Middle Ages, when the universities themselves were corporations and assigned each student his place in the corporate community. As at Boulogne, the student, as he advanced in his work, was obligated to teach the younger ones.

When the state took over the universities in the days of the Enlightenment and the expulsion of the Jesuits (1767), the student lost his function in the scheme, and did not regain it in the romantic era. Corporations characterized by mutual rivalries and social privilege multiplied in the nineteenth century and down to Hitler's time. Under the Nazi regime, corporations of a religious or political nature were forbidden. Revived after the war, they are once again gaining ground. Freiburg is one of the few universities that still prohibit those that tend to destroy student unity, considering that organized social antagonisms have no place in the modern university. Between 1954 and 1956 the University worked out new statutes, regaining part of the medieval freedom the modern state had taken away from it and giving the student corporations a place in the university organization.

While some people denounce the corporations as a reactionary political movement that is out of place in the twentieth century, their supporters—including the Church and, in the case of Freiburg, the general population of the city—point out that with so many traditional values lost it is important to retain the few that have survived. They add that our age needs the conservative spirit of these associations. The question of whether or not they should be prohibited is pending before the Supreme Court, but no one really believes they can be eliminated from German university life. I spent a fascinating afternoon with one of these corporations—it happened to be a Catholic one—and some of my former professors. It was a delightful mixture of speeches and discussion, songs and beer, plus a solemn swearing in of some new members—all carried on in Latin. The room vibrated with tradition and romanticism.

It was in this atmosphere of cordiality and intellec-

tualism, which pervades the University, that I gave my talk on the Organization of American States, sponsored by the Political Science Seminar. I found that my subject was something completely unknown, not only in this corner of Germany, but throughout Europe, except in specialized institutes concerned with American affairs, as at Hamburg and Berlin, Gothenburg in Sweden, and the main universities of Spain, France, and England. Knowledge of America itself is limited, except what has to do with the United States, whose famous *Amerika-Häuser*—there is one in practically every city—offer an excellent information service but at the same time perpetuate the old semantic difficulty, since in this case America refers only to the United States.

So I had to begin with a brief geographical placing of our countries, then sketch the evolution of the Pan American idea and summarize the structure and functioning of our Organization. Acknowledging that many aspects of the OAS could not be copied or applied in Europe, I still could point out many parallels. For example, the ideas of Kant and Bentham, the Abbé de Saint-Pierre and William Penn, Sully and Dubois, Crucé and Dante, which were later incorporated in the League of Nations and the UN, had first found application in the Congress of Panama convoked by Simón Bolívar in 1826. The basic principles of the NATO and SEATO treaty organizations were taken from the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance of 1947 (commonly called the Rio Treaty), and the idea of open-sky inspection, so prominent in recent East-West discussions, had a precedent in Central America, where it was applied in 1955 in the dispute between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and again this year, in the Honduran-Nicaraguan question. Explanations about the OAS specialized councils and agencies all seemed to reveal a new world to my audience.

Along with my talk, I showed a movie, *The OAS and Its Activities*, with my own commentary in German, and later a collection of PAU publications was presented to the Political Science Seminar.

When I talked privately with professors and students, we compared the Pan American and European Union

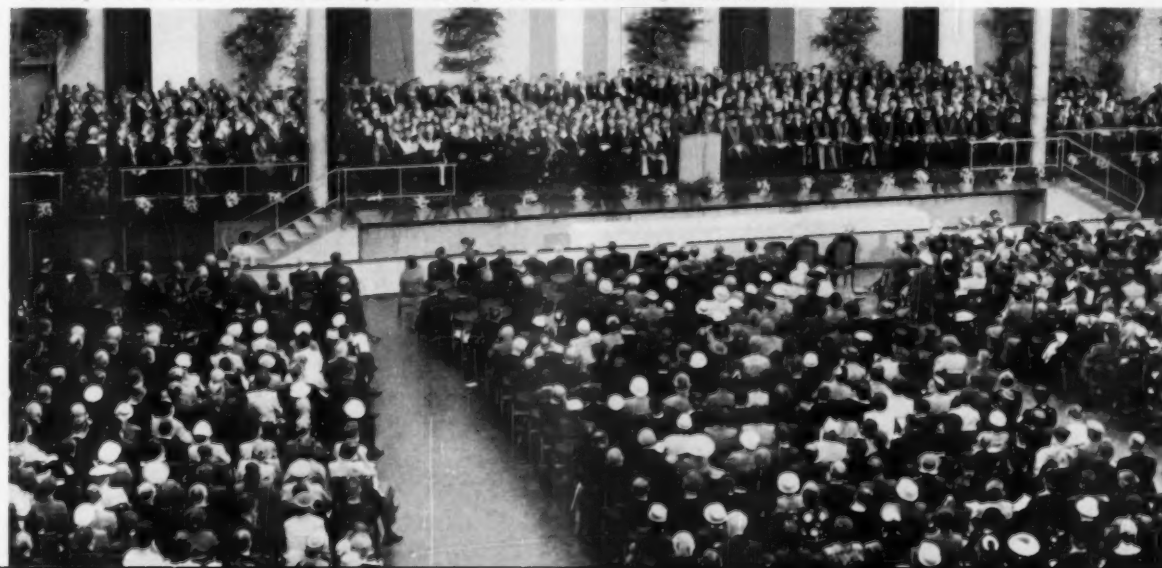
movements. While we agreed that they were quite different, because of geographical, historical, cultural, and economic factors, it was clear that we in the OAS needed to have more contact with Europe, the European Union movement, and its headquarters in Strasbourg.

In the centenary program, besides social activities and splendid lectures—I need cite only Heidegger's on "The Concept of Identity" and Wolf's on "The Rights of Others"—there were the colorful procession of the Freiburg professors and the representatives of universities all over the world and the reception given in their honor by the Rector and University Senate. It was impressive to hear German President Theodor Heuss replying in Latin when he received his honorary degree, or the rector of the oldest university in the world, El Azhar in Cairo (founded in 980), in his own language. For a moment I thought I was back in the Middle Ages, when those languages dominated cultural life. Equally stirring was one of the famous torchlight parades, in which some ten thousand people—myself included—marched from the University to the Cathedral plaza, where they listened to the historian Ritter and joined in singing *Gaudeamus Igitur* at midnight to the accompaniment of brilliant fireworks. My friends remarked that the last time the students had participated in one of these typically German processions was to show their spirit of brotherhood with the martyred Hungarian people.

The last day of the commemorative week in a way represented a break with the past. On that day, completely devoted to the students, more than seventeen thousand people gathered in the various University buildings to dance and celebrate from eight in the evening to seven the next morning, with the rhythms of rock 'n' roll shaking the University on its five-hundredth birthday.

Finally, I must mention that the University enthusiastically received my suggestion that an American Week be arranged, which would deal exclusively with Western Hemisphere topics, covering philosophy, law, history, literature, and economics. I found great interest in Freiburg in exploring this new field, and it offers bright prospects of better knowledge of America in that part of the Old World. ♦ ♦ ♦

University Rector Gerd Tellenbach leads fifth-centenary ceremony at Municipal Auditorium



toddlers at a



Photographs by
Bob Phillips

*A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.*



*"Do you think I can listen
all day to such stuff?"*

concert

.....

IN THE GRAND BALLROOM of a fashionable Washington, D.C., hotel a symphony concert was about to begin. The large hall buzzed with the chatter of an "eager and interested" audience, as reported later—in *National Parent-Teacher* magazine—by Howard Mitchell, director of the National Symphony Orchestra and its conductor that Sunday afternoon. "For many [there were 1,135 in all], this was their first contact with 'live' music," the maestro's article went on. "Others were old concert hands. . . . Most of them wound up sprawled on the floor within a few feet of the musicians." For the benefit of the uninitiated, Dr. Mitchell gave a little explanatory talk before the orchestra took up each new piece on the program. In the case of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Flight of the Bumblebee*, for example, he said: "Now we'll give you a musical picture of the bumblebee. If you listen, you can see him. Watch out, though, that he doesn't sting you." (Giggles.) The oldest of these "old concert hands" were seven and the youngest three. Giggling invariably gave way to either a respectful silence, delighted outbursts of spontaneous singing, or even dancing, as the instruments throbbed with the stirring notes of such classics as *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*.



"That's very curious! . . . But everything's curious to-day."

"It is a long tail, certainly."



"Why, . . . the best way to explain it is to do it."

The concert itself—the first of a series known as the Tiny Tots Concerts—was ample evidence that Dr. Mitchell practices what he preaches. Himself the father of five children, ranging from second-grade to college age, he once said: "I'm as concerned as anyone over the tremendous quantity of cheapness and vulgarity that has crept into popular entertainment. But it seems to me that we ought to couple our objections to this with a positive effort to encourage good entertainment, good art, good music. . . ."

Although Dr. Mitchell also conducts the Music for Young America series—concerts for the four to five hundred thousand teen-agers who come to Washington every spring—he believes the three-to-seven age group is the most receptive to any attempt at forming good listening habits. The lively curiosity these tots display while listening and getting acquainted with the instruments—at Dr. Mitchell's invitation before each performance—seems to bear out his contention.

The Tiny Tots Concerts are held at various auditoriums in the city. The pictures on these pages, captioned from *Alice in Wonderland*, were taken by Bob Phillips, a freelance photographer, in the Pan American Union's Hall of the Americas, during and after one of these Sunday-afternoon events.—A. S. P.

" . . . but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."





"Is that the way you manage?" Alice asked.

How I wonder what you're at!



BOOKS

THE ORIGINAL AMERICANS

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, by Oliver LaFarge. New York, Crown Publishers, Inc., 1956. 272 pages, 350 illustrations. \$7.50

AFFABLE SAVAGES: AN ANTHROPOLOGIST AMONG THE URUBU INDIANS OF BRAZIL, by Francis Huxley. New York, The Viking Press, 1957. 287 p. Illus. \$4.75

PUNYARO: ESTUDIO DE ANTROPOLOGÍA SOCIAL Y CULTURAL DE UNA COMUNIDAD INDÍGENA Y MESTIZA, by Gonzalo Rubio Orbe. Quito, Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana, 1956. 430 p. Illus.

THE PEYOTE RELIGION: A STUDY IN INDIAN-WHITE RELATIONS, by J. S. Slotkin. Glencoe, Illinois, The Free Press, 1956. 195 p. Illus. \$4.00

LONE EAGLE: THE WHITE SIOUX, by Floyd Shuster Maine. Albuquerque, The University of New Mexico Press, 1956. 208 p. Illus. \$4.50

Reviewed by Angel Palerm

I suppose it was the merest chance that brought these five works together on AMERICAS' bookshelf, but it would be difficult to assemble another five that represented so perfectly the vast field of modern cultural anthropology and the diversity of its approaches to human society. Consequently, it would also be difficult to choose five more confusing to the reviewer—for, though we anthropologists like to think that ours is the last remaining discipline to uphold firmly the principles of universality,

the truth is that we tend to be shut up within our own particular specialties and cannot glance into our colleagues' fields without feeling guilty and strange. These initial difficulties explained, if not excused, I feel less embarrassment at intruding in another's house with the master key of criticism.

Oliver LaFarge's book is an excellent anthology of well-chosen illustrations, accompanied by brief passages of text on the various Indian groups and the large cultural areas of North America. It tells the history of U.S. Indians from the settling of the New World down to the present, and does so with good sense and narrative power. It maintains and transmits, even at this late date, the fascination of the Western world with the "noble savage." But the author knows too much about his science and about life (especially Indian life) not to tinge his historical picture with bitterness and irony. Like LaFarge's other works, this one belongs to the literature of protest and social criticism—which is not to deny its documentary value. No adult, not even the author's colleagues, will feel cheated by it, and the young people, who are perhaps tiring of the stereotyped Indian of Wild West books and movies, will find it fascinating.

Francis Huxley writes in an altogether different intellectual climate. Possibly the difference might be explained by saying that if LaFarge employed the word *savage* he would be using it as an adjective, and it is quite likely that he would not apply it to the Indians of the United States. Huxley, on the other hand, uses it as a noun, which can be modified by any number of adjectives. His "savages" can be "affable," like those he studied, members of the small Urubu tribe of the Brazilian jungle. I do not doubt that they could equally well be "ignoble," "repulsive," and so on. This point of grammar, I believe, helps us to perceive the emotional and intellectual world that separates these two people confronting strange cultures. One contrasts the native's virtues with the pitiless treatment and almost total incomprehension he has received from the Occidental, and writes in epic and tragic tones. The other seems as skeptical and understanding of savage beings as of civilized ones, and relates in a cordial and even tone his experiences among the Urubus. It is almost as if he were speaking of English villagers, except that "[the Urubu's] manners are often both crude and barbarous." But, he adds honorably, "this does not mean that he is unprincipled. . . . Savages in fact have morals. . . ."

The American LaFarge and the English Huxley seem to me to be good representatives of important trends in anthropology in their respective countries. Moreover, like other English social anthropologists, Huxley has a gift that has unfortunately been denied to many of his country's novelists: that of participating intensely in the life of others and thereby enabling the reader to participate also. Perhaps the supposed defect is part of the British virtue of respect for privacy; in any case, an anthropologist engaged in field work enjoys as little privacy as the natives whose most intimate life he must pry into. When an exceptional literary talent is combined with an unusual interest in others, with great unconcern for

privacy, and with solid scientific training, we have an anthropologist of the front rank, as Huxley certainly is.

Only those unwary readers who are devoted to erudite monographs could be deceived by the author's almost novelistic technique, his abundant anecdotes, the feigned ingenuousness of his narrative. Huxley's work is science too, and perhaps more faithful to reality than most ethnographic descriptions. I regret that, despite all these and other merits, this book on the Urubus cannot be recommended to the young, although it might contribute more than LaFarge's to destroying our stereotypes about the Indian and about ourselves.

Gonzalo Rubio Orbe's position in anthropology is profoundly Latin American, expressed in a consciousness of the "Indian problem"—the acute need to complete the formation of the nation by incorporating the native groups and the question of social justice involved in protecting the most forsaken segment of the population. In order to be well received, anthropological science—objective and neutral in theory—is forced to bow to these aims. The author writes: "I aspire to discover the problems. . . . Once [they] are found, I long to seek and suggest measures that will permit . . . their solution." Unfortunately, science is not always compatible with such elevated purposes. Research for the sake of proposing solutions implies making value judgments, often *a priori* and nearly always subjective, of different cultures and modes of conduct, which colors the description itself with genuine prejudice.

This monograph on Punyaro, an Indian and mestizo community in Ecuador, is a meticulous study, replete with important data. Few investigators possess the author's great familiarity with a local culture. But neither the parts that ought to be purely descriptive nor the theoretical analyses and interpretations are on a level with the best work in Latin American professional anthropology. Unfortunately, intelligence, diligence, and good intentions can never entirely compensate for a lack of rigorous specialized training.

For a proper understanding of the work on the peyote religion, we need a few words to introduce the author. J. S. Slotkin describes himself as almost a Menominee Indian and in that capacity is a high official of the "Native American Church of North America" (the official church of peyotism, made up of several tribal groups); at the same time he is a distinguished anthropologist. An exceptional combination, to be sure, which has produced a theory on the religion, considered as a native movement of accommodation to Western domination; an analysis of the cult and of its organization and rituals, from the privileged position of a hierarchy; a justification of peyotism in terms of the Indian point of view, but comprehensible to the Occidental. Seventy-seven pages of close-packed description, more than sixty of notes, and forty-four of bibliography give some idea of the nature of Slotkin's work.

The modern peyote religion has little to do with the ancient complex. As a matter of fact, as Slotkin claims, it has many points of similarity with Christianity. Many adepts consider it an Indian version of Christianity—an

idea that will certainly not meet with general approval. Its most conspicuous feature is, of course, its use of the small cactus in its ritual. The adepts eat it to attain powers by means of which they communicate with God and the spirits and obtain visions and revelations. The author compares the state induced by peyote with the mystic trance. Apparently, peyote increases the capacity for concentration and introspection; it is also used as a medicine and an amulet. Another Huxley, the famous Aldous, recently experimented with mescaline, a drug obtained from peyote, and seemed for the moment to have been converted into a fervent advocate.

The arguments raging around peyotism typify, I believe, one of the serious problems that confront the anthropologist when he decides to pass from objective investigation to practical application, and from analysis of problems in their own cultural context to the proposal of solutions formulated from another culture. The use of peyote has been condemned because it is considered a narcotic injurious to the physical and mental health of its users. The standard reply is that there is no proof of this, that peyote is less harmful than alcohol, tobacco, or coffee, and that it is not habit-forming. The true reason for the prohibition, it is added, is that this is a nativist movement developing rapidly and competing with Western churches. The most surprising part of the whole business, however, is that the experiences of Westerners who have taken peyote for scientific purposes have nothing in common with those described by the Indians. Some Mexican investigators have observed the same phenomenon with marijuana. It seems evident that the effects of stimulants and narcotics depend on cultural conditioning as well as on the individual personality.

Lone Eagle, the last of our five books, is a history that seems like a story, related by its two leading figures. Around 1888, Mr. and Mrs. Maine, a missionary couple from New Jersey, went west to the Sioux region, leaving behind a five-year-old son. They planned to return in three years' time. During their stay among the Sioux, another son was born to them. Shortly afterward, both parents died in an epidemic of smallpox. The orphan was adopted by a Sioux chief and given an entirely Indian name and upbringing. Twenty years later the two



brothers, neither knowing about the existence of the other, met by chance on a Crow reservation and through a series of coincidences identified each other.

Written by the elder brother, with much material supplied by the younger, the book tells the story of the two. The chapters on the life of the white Sioux, his childhood experiences and education, the legends and historical traditions, and so on, constitute valuable ethnological data. The story of the other brother provides a lively picture of life in the U.S. West at the beginning of this century. Though the book only rarely achieves any literary quality, it is easy and pleasant reading.

As an anthropologist, I rejoice at being able to record the constant increase and approach to maturity of ethnological literature. At a time when fact is as fantastic as science fiction, it is good that someone should turn the public's eyes and attention to our humble origins and to the immense, barely explored field of the science of human society.

Angel Palerm is acting chief of the Social Science Section of the Pan American Union.



ART IN THE HIGHLANDS

HOLGUÍN Y LA PINTURA ALTOPERUANA DEL VIRREINATO, by José de Mesa and Teresa Gisbert. La Paz, Biblioteca Pacea-Alcaldía Municipal, 1956. 200 p. Illus.

Reviewed by Hazel O'Hara

When the Andean colonies threw off the domination of Spain and divided into republics, a busy art movement came to a stop and was left hanging in time. Relatively few people today are concerned with the paintings of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, even in the region historically rich in them. José de Mesa and Teresa Gisbert, a young La Paz couple who both teach in the University of San Andrés school of architecture, are devotees and collectors of this art; in this book they give us a study of the movement that flourished under the viceroys.

The story of the change in ownership of the Andean region is always told in terms of the conquistadors and the friars, who were, of course, the leading figures from the capture of the Inca Atahualpa in 1532 until the end

of the century. Early in the 1600's, however, the artists of Europe trooped over to try their fortunes, and they put their stamp upon the Conquest. Today their works are described as belonging to the school of Cuzco, of Quito, of Potosí, or of Collo (that is, the territory around Lake Titicaca). The history of this colonial art is similar to that of Italian art, for the painters were subsidized by the Church, and they worked within the same range of subjects—the Annunciation, the Adoration, the Virgin and Child, and the heavenly host of saints and angels.

Italian, Spanish, and Flemish artists wielded great influence. In antique shops, private homes, and old churches one often comes upon a painting of the Virgin dressed in the blue of Raphael and with a face such as he painted. In an *Annunciation* in the Casa Murillo Museum in La Paz, the baroque robes of both the Angel and the Virgin cover gowns of a Tintoretto pink. Within a generation after the first European artists arrived, the leading painters included creoles, men born in the New World of European parents; and mestizos, of mixed Spanish and Indian blood. From this latter group came the notably successful Melchor Pérez Holguín, who has given his name to this book. The famous painters worked on commission from the viceroys, the abbots and mothers superior, the bishops, and wealthy secular patrons, and they signed their paintings. Below them in the artistic ranks, a large number of anonymous painters (mestizos and Indians) followed their calling in the native sections for an ingenuous clientele, who liked the showy and the anecdotal in their art.

Within the artistic acculturation that took place in the Andes, certain traits typical of New World painting began to assert themselves—the use of gold in a kind of sprinkled design on the robes of Virgins and saints, a floral edging around the painting much used by artists of Cuzco, and a tendency to regard the Virgin as one of their own. There is a charming painting in the museum in Cuzco of the Mother and Child, both wearing the big flat red hats still seen on the Indians today.

The city of Sucre, nine thousand feet above sea level, bears evidence of its heyday as the center of Spanish culture in its tranquil dignity, its ancestral homes rich in painting, statues, and old manuscripts, and its monasteries and churches. Sucre was the first art center, and the European manner of painting prevailed among the artists.

Later, the main currents in the New World art swept over to cities of growing commercial importance. The fabulous city of Potosí, at the foot of a hill of silver, wooed the artists with lucrative commissions, and Holguín left his native Cochabamba Valley to become a favorite son of this city fifteen thousand feet above sea level. Potosí, which according to the census of 1611 had a population of 160,000, was a place of great monasteries and churches and of religious fervor (and a fine colonial Babylon, also, of gamblers and courtesans and two sets of feuding gentlemen, known as the Vicuñas and the Vascongados, who tore the place apart and set the clergy thundering from the pulpits). One of the paintings in the Casa de Moneda is *Los Desposorios de la Virgen* (The Betrothal of the Virgin), by the most famous of the Indian paint-



ers—one Diego Quispe, who used the word Inca in signing his name, in token of his descent from the former rulers. He was born about 1621 in Cuzco, the Inca capital, and his last known work is a series of panels employing signs of the zodiac, hung in the cathedral of Cuzco, just a few blocks from the old Temple of the Sun, which was the cathedral of his grandparents.

The towns around Lake Titicaca on the Altiplano also rose to commercial importance and attracted the artists. The men of the sixteenth century came sweeping in over the Andes, on foot and on horseback, knowing nothing of the lack of oxygen at these altitudes, living off the land, founding cities and running up graceful sanctuaries, and sending orders back to Spain for works of art. Within the workshops of Zurbarán and Murillo and others, a certain amount was destined for the New World churches, and those who know Spanish art can spot their influence.

Later on, history capriciously abandoned the Altiplano, and the towns in which painters had worked under pressure slipped into dusty drabness. One of these is Las Peñas, where a U.S. missionary, Father Bernard Ryan of the Maryknoll order, has restored the church and rehung on clean white walls the great framed paintings he found there, including a lovely one of St. Joseph and the young Christ out for a stroll. A visitor to this church feels caught at a break in history as he stands for Mass among ponchoed Indians squatting on the floor beneath these traditional paintings of apostles and saints. Some of the old sanctuaries have been taken in hand by those who consider papier-mâché angels much prettier than colonial art. Other churches are decrepit and uncared-for, with paintings stacked against the wall. Often an Indian will come to an antique shop in La Paz bringing an old painting from his village—perhaps redaubed and with its frame repainted to make it more showy.

The authors have visited churches, museums, and private homes throughout this mountainous area, and have combed the decaying sanctuaries of little towns on the great plateau of Bolivia and in the folds and valleys of the Andes. With their background of training in Spain, they have put together the story of this art movement and have given it a place in the stream of events, even though it aborted when the colonies violently rejected Spain. As members of a high-altitude world, they convey an understanding that we might otherwise miss. In speaking of the stylization of Holguín, they say, "In these

climes and altitudes, man lives in a communion of struggle with nature, and he seeks support in the Divinity, feeling himself so near to Nothingness, so united to the Cosmos. For him the message of Holguín launched from the Sumaj Orco [the Potosí silver hill] is the message for upper Peru, and perhaps can only be comprehended by those who feel the crushing force of the mountains and the smallness of man before the Andes and before the Altiplano stretching as far as the eye can reach."

Hazel O'Hara spent several years in Bolivia with the Inter-American Cooperative Public Health Service.

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ANSWERS TO QUIZ on Page 45

- 1. Cristóbal. The adjacent Panamanian city is Colón. 2. Porto Alegre.
- 3. San Juan, Puerto Rico. 4. Havana, Cuba. 5. New Orleans. 6. Chile.
- 7. Veracruz. 8. Port-au-Prince, Haiti. 9. Guayaquil. 10. Colombia.

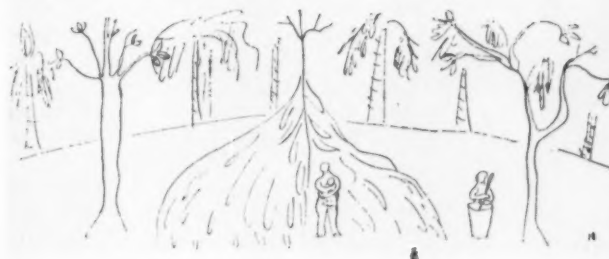




FOTO FLASHES



Dorothy Osborne (left), who was in Costa Rica in 1956 as the International Farm Youth Exchange delegate from Illinois, also attended the Second Latin American International Rural Youth Workshop there last fall. On her way home she visited the Pan American Union to discuss the meeting and the 4-H Clubs' international exchange program with **Louis Beres** (center), head of the PAU Vocational Education Section, and **Dr. Guillermo Nannetti**, chief of the PAU Division of Education.



Dr. Raúl Sapena Pastor of Paraguay (left), the seventh Latin American Foreign Minister to visit OAS headquarters at the Pan American Union this year, addresses a special session of the OAS Council. At right is Council Chairman **Fernando Lobo** of Brazil.



The Peruvian pianist **Sonia Vargas** opened the thirty-third Pan American Union concert season with a performance that Donald Leavitt of the *Washington Evening Star* called an "engaging . . . program, splendidly played." Miss Vargas, who made her first public appearance when she was only six, offered selections by Soler, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Chopin.

Six prominent men received citations from the National Citizens Committee for Columbus Day for their contribution to inter-American friendship and understanding. Shown here with OAS Secretary General **José A. Mora** (fourth from left) at the presentation ceremony in the Pan American Union are **L. H. Astley-Bell**, president of the Asiatic Petroleum Company; U.S. Congressman **James G. Fulton** of Pennsylvania; Governor **Luis Muñoz Marín**, of Puerto Rico; **John W. White**, author; and **John O'Rourke**, editor of the *Washington Daily News*. **Galo Plaza**, the sixth recipient and former President of Ecuador, was unable to attend.



Letters

NO HANDICAP

Dear Sirs:

Elizabeth B. Kilmer's article "On Kendall Green" (October 1957) is of special interest to me. For many years I have continued to teach engineering, carry on irrigation and drainage research, and do consulting engineering work without any hearing. . . . My experience has convinced me beyond question that there is considerable misunderstanding concerning the results of deafness. This article is a real contribution to correcting this misunderstanding.

O. W. Israelsen
Professor Emeritus of
Civil and Irrigation Engineering
Utah State University
Logan, Utah

WON'T SOMEBODY WRITE?

Dear Sirs:

Although you informed me in a recent letter that my name and address were published in the Mail Bag (June English, August Spanish, 1957), I have not received any letters. . . . Who knows, maybe most people are away on vacation and that is why they don't write. . . . Antonio Tormos Platero
Actor Rivelles No. 5
Valencia, Spain

FROM DOWN UNDER

Dear Sirs:

I have continued to enjoy reading AMERICAS during this past year. . . . Finding the magazine so informative and entertaining, I decided some months ago that local students should have the benefit of your publication. . . . Since then, the Head Master of Bacchus Marsh High School has written me that the teacher of senior geography has found the magazines particularly useful as a source of background material and that they are pleased to have them in their reference library. . . .

R. C. Linsdell
Bacchus Marsh
Victoria, Australia

GLOBE-TROTTER

Dear Sirs:

Your magazine has inspired me to make a trip via the Pan American Highway from Chile to the United States. . . . Three years ago I made a similar excursion by car with my wife. We visited northern Argentina, Paraguay, the Iguazú Falls, southern Brazil, Uruguay, and the city of Buenos Aires. . . .

Adolfo Fernández Correa
Santiago, Chile

WRONG BRIDGE

Dear Sirs:

The bridge pictured in the quiz on page 32 of the September issue is obviously the

San Francisco-Oakland Transbay Bridge—not the Golden Gate Bridge, as stated in the answers on page 38. . . .

James S. Robertson, M.D.
East Setauket, New York

Dear Sirs:

. . . We have so many bridges crossing the San Francisco Bay and its tributaries (eight in all) . . . that it is easy to understand how this mistake could occur.

L. M. McKinley
San Francisco, California

Dear Sirs:

. . . Who doesn't know that the Golden Gate Bridge has only one level and no trains?

Thomas W. Dowling
Menlo Park, California

Dear Sirs:

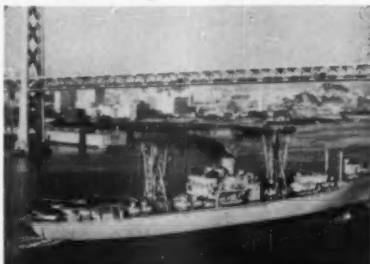
. . . The Golden Gate at San Francisco is no longer the world's largest suspension bridge. The world's largest suspension span crosses the Straits of Mackinac in northern Michigan between St. Ignace and Mackinac City.

Richard C. Kluck
St. Joseph, Michigan

Messrs. Robertson, McKinley, and Dowling are right. The two bridges are shown below. The Mackinac Bridge is the longest suspension bridge from anchorage to anchorage, but the Golden Gate still has the longest single span.



Golden Gate Bridge



San Francisco-Oakland Transbay Bridge

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

Dear Sirs:

. . . I would appreciate your permission to reprint the article "Industrial Mexico" by Antonio Carrillo Flores (June 1956), which would be very useful to me. . . . I specially enjoyed the article entitled "The Other Mexico," by Érico Veríssimo, which appeared in the January 1956 issue. It is as

concise and perfect a synthesis of the real Mexico as I have ever read.

Joseph P. Burke, Editor
Great Silver Fleet News
Eastern Air Lines
New York, New York

Thank you! Permission granted.

Dear Sirs:

I was much interested in José María Arguedas' article "Songs of the Quechuas" (August 1957). I enjoy your publication very much and think it is one of the most stimulating magazines of today. Our librarian is most eager for my used copies.

Mrs. Baden Garceau
Tryon, North Carolina

Dear Sirs:

As usual, I started reading the September issue of AMERICAS from the front cover. As I turned to page 20 and saw the first sketch by Stephen Kraft it was as if a bolt of lightning had flashed. For sheer verve and beauty I've never seen the like. . . . Then when I read the story, it added up to one of the most truly exciting experiences I've had. The drawings on page 22 are exquisite. I've been painting for twenty years and it's been a long time since I've been so excited. Thanks to Mr. Solórzano Díaz and to Mr. Kraft for my pleasure.

Mrs. Allerton Grannatt
Los Gatos, California

Dear Sirs:

. . . Through AMERICAS I have learned about the customs and cultures of many of our sister republics, but lately you have not published anything interesting. . . . Why not an article about the music of Colombia's Atlantic coast, which would be enjoyed by many of us? . . .

Theophilus Rapalino Jiménez
Córdoba, Argentina

Dear Sirs:

. . . I enjoy your magazine very much, and hope that some day it can be expanded. There are no end of features that might be added; for example, some more "personal" reporting from various capitals . . . ; short recaps of Spanish idiomatic differences between the various countries, some discreet ventures in political reporting. I think that with added space for news comments and specialized articles, it would appeal to the more sophisticated as well. But only with added space: I should hate to see anything added at the expense of features you already have; they are excellent, and the magazine's fine make-up does them justice.

Allan Wright
Los Angeles, California

Dear Sirs:

In the article "On Kendall Green" (October 1957) Elizabeth B. Kilmer did an excellent job of reporting. . . . We feel it is one of the best articles that have been written about Gallaudet College and Kendall School.

No one was misquoted—which is quite a feat. . . .

Mrs. Georgie E. Holden
Public Relations Officer
Gallaudet College

Dear Sirs:

. . . I wish to express my satisfaction with the splendid work which your magazine is performing. . . . I was particularly impressed by the article "Brazilian Trail Blazers" in the September issue . . . and plan to contact the Villas-Boas brothers for a documentary film. . . . I would also like to purchase a llama rug and would appreciate hearing from your Peruvian readers in this connection. . . .

George N. Fenin
215 West 98th Street
New York 25, New York

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Marilyn Guerdan
1315 Louisville Avenue
St. Louis 10, Missouri

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13 Rue du Jura
Noisy le Sec
Seine, France

GIFT OF TONGUES

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I would like to exchange languages with a Latin American—preferably one living in New York City, so we can also meet in person.

Harry Weinberg
48 Cooper Avenue
West Long Branch, New Jersey

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for publishing my letter about Esperanto. So far a total of forty-seven inquiries have come in from Colombia, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Canada, Mexico, U.S.A., Costa Rica, Chile, Nicaragua, Venezuela, Argentina, and Bolivia. I was surprised at the number from Argentina—fifteen. The U.S.A. produced only twelve.

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Esperanto League for
North America
Hillboro, Oregon

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| Clarke Glenn (E, S)—H R. F. D. No. 3 Stafford, Kansas | Edda R. Lupi (S, P, F)—C Quiroga y Taboada 728 Nogoyá, Entre Ríos, Argentina | Sylvia Caballero (E, S)—H Loro 3238 Mar del Plata, Argentina |
| Dino E. Scala (E, S, P, F, Italian) c/o Solorzano 174 Tenth Avenue San Francisco 18, California | Estela Keen Jara (E, S) Casilla 952 Concepción, Chile | Russell Kercher (E, F)—H 8010 Roseline Drive Clayton 5, Missouri |
| Franklin Muñoz Toledo (E, S)* Alvarez Thomas 1326 Buenos Aires, Argentina | Mila Felis Krause (E, S) Casilla 29 Concepción, Chile | Ronald Young (E, S)—H 816 Denver Avenue Dalhart, Texas |
| Luis Alberto de Toledo (E, S, P) Rua Artur Prado 449 (Liberdade) São Paulo, SP, Brazil | Lidia Ebi Follin (S, F)—C 25 de Mayo 380, C. del Uruguay Entre Ríos, Argentina | Carolyn McClendon (E, S)—H 1201 Elm Avenue Dalhart, Texas |
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| Alberto Beron Ulfe (E, S)—H Barranco, Avenida Balta 124 Lima, Peru | | Matilde Deroto (E, S)—C Coronel Díaz No. 1564, 1-3 piso, Dep. 5 Buenos Aires, Argentina |

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Carolyn McClendon (E, S)—H
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Mary Emma Clements (E, S)—H
Box 427
Dalhart, Texas

Raymond Waite (E, S)—H
906 Denver Avenue
Dalhart, Texas

Marylu Jones (E, S)—H
822 Scott Avenue
Dalhart, Texas

Clara Lou Lovell (E, S)—H
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Adrogue, Peña de Buenos Aires
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Know Your Neighbors' Ports?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 37



1. This port at the Caribbean end of the Panama Canal was named after the Discoverer and is under U.S. jurisdiction. Is it called Colón, Cristóbal, or Cristóbal Colón?



2. Founded by colonists from the Azores, this Brazilian port city, capital of the State of Rio Grande do Sul, was named _____, for its charming environs. Fill in the blank.



3. _____ is the chief port and capital of an island in the Greater Antilles that the Spaniards first called Borinquen, after an Indian chief. Fill in the blank.



4. From this harbor that once sheltered Spanish treasure galleons, Hernando de Soto sailed to discover the Mississippi River. Can you name it?



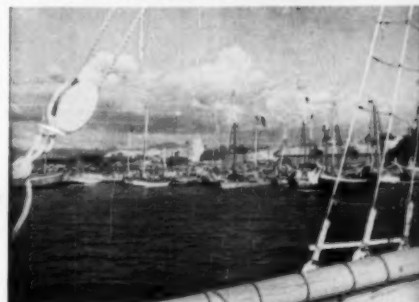
5. This United States port on the Gulf of Mexico has had a colorful history and has belonged to France and Spain. Is it Tampa, New Orleans, or Corpus Christi?



6. Antofagasta is a major shipping center on South America's nitrate coast. Is it in Bolivia, Chile, or Peru?



7. The oldest of the colonial settlements in Mexico and now the country's leading port, this was where Cortés began his conquest. Is it Tampico, Progreso, or Veracruz?



8. One of the most picturesque spots in the West Indies, this port was the capital of the old French colony of Saint-Domingue. Can you guess its name?



9. Ecuador's chief seaport, forty miles inland from the mouth of the Guayas River, is also the republic's largest city. Name it.



10. If you were at this pier in the harbor of a South American city originally called Cartagena de Indias to distinguish it from Cartagena in Spain, what country would you be in?

The Inter-American Housing Center

was founded in 1951 by the Pan American Union at the National University of Colombia in Bogotá as part of the Program of Technical Cooperation of the Organization of American States, under the jurisdiction of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council.

The Division of Housing and Planning of the Pan American Union directs the Center, which is operated in collaboration with the National University and the Instituto de Crédito Territorial, the official Colombian agency for the development of low-cost housing.

provides training for professionals who desire to specialize in the technological, economic, social, and administrative aspects of housing. The OAS offers fellowships for study there to citizens of its member countries. The Center carries out research and experimental work, especially in the application of local materials to low-cost housing construction. A scientific exchange and consulting service offered by the Center makes its findings available to all those concerned with the field.

issues many publications in Spanish on such subjects as

- Use of bamboo for housing
- Low-cost rural housing
- Construction in tropical climates
- Self-help housing methods
- Stabilized-earth construction

One publication that has attracted wide interest is the CARTILLA DE LA VIVIENDA, a housing primer with 182 large illustrated pages showing all aspects of simplified house construction.

For further information on the publications and work of the Center, you may write direct to:

Centro Interamericano de Vivienda
Apartado Aéreo 6209
Bogotá, Colombia

PAN AMERICAN UNION
Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.



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